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Biography

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**MY LIFE**

**STANLEY'S REAR GUARD**

SECOND EDITION. Royal 8vo. cloth extra, 14s.

## FIVE YEARS WITH THE CONGO CANNIBALS.

By HERBERT WARD.

WITH 98 ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR, VICTOR PERARD,  
AND W. B. DAVIS.

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London: CHATTO & WINDUS, Piccadilly.

**MY LIFE**  
**WITH**  
**STANLEY'S REAR GUARD**

**BY**  
**HERBERT WARD**

**AUTHOR OF 'FIVE YEARS WITH THE CONGO CANNIBALS,' ETC.**



**WITH A MAP BY P. S. WELLES**

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## INTRODUCTION

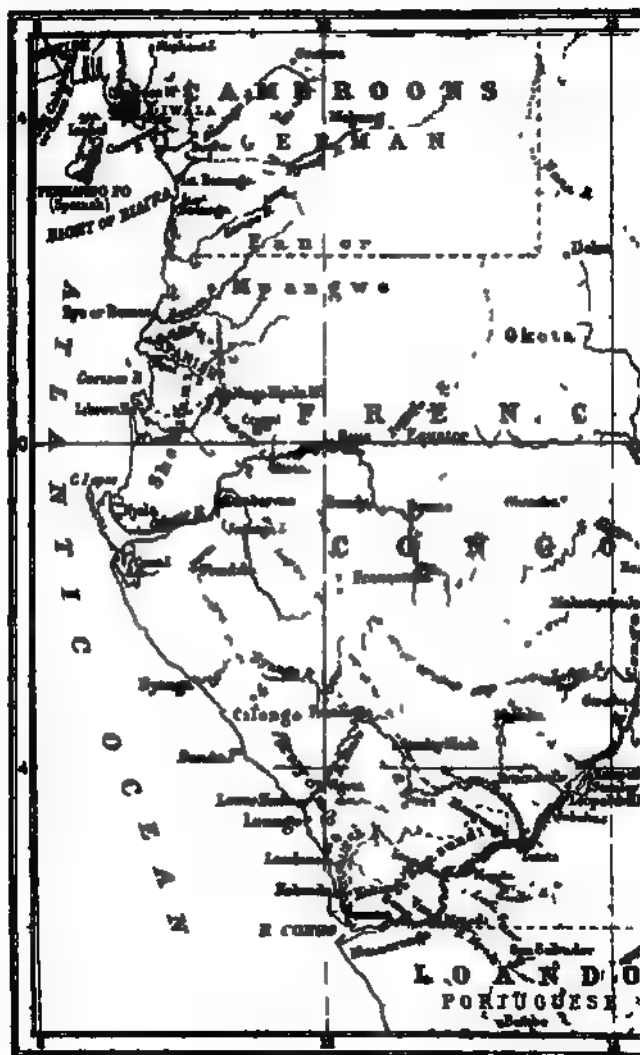
IN July last Mr. Stanley wrote to me privately, suggesting that I should write a little volume giving the story of my life with his Rear Guard. He further suggested that in this little book, I should deal with the different matters in dispute between us. The proposal at the time had no charm for me. I wished to avoid controversy altogether, and to be allowed to forget, as far as possible, all about my connection with the Emin Expedition. The Rear Guard was a failure; something could undoubtedly be said on all sides of the question, and it seemed to me that under all the circumstances, the subject had far better be left alone. This was my view of the matter, and this my reason for holding aloof from the controversy, as long as I could.

Much against my will, however, I have been dragged into the dispute; and, as there seems to be no help for it, I have decided to adopt Mr. Stanley's old hint, and publish what I know of the Rear Guard. It is not very much, after all: for I was hundreds of miles away when some of the incidents which have

most stirred the public mind are alleged to have happened. These matters, however, appear to me to be rather by the way, and altogether outside the vital point at issue between Mr. Stanley and his Rear Guard officers—i.e. the question as to where the responsibility really rests for our failure to move forward from Yambuya.

When I decided to write this book, it occurred to me that the best plan would be to give a picture of my life as it really was ■ Yambuya, avoiding all controversy in my narrative ; and at the close to deal, in a calm and impartial way, with the different matters in dispute, as they affect myself. This is the course I have adopted. I hope it will prove acceptable. This story of mine is simply the ■■■■■ of a conscientious desire to tell the truth, with regard to matters, respecting which, too many misconceptions prevail. If ■ succeeds in bringing home to the minds of my countrymen some true ■■■■ of what our dangers, difficulties, and sufferings ■ Yambuya really were, and recalls attention to the only point upon which a fair and impartial judgment can be formed, I shall be content.







In East of Greenwich

1. Warden

PSW FRG5



# MY LIFE

WITH

## STANLEY'S REAR GUARD

### CHAPTER I

WEARY of African life, and worn by my ten years' wanderings in many lands, my thoughts homewards at the beginning of the year 1887, and I felt the old longings for a sight of English faces and English scenes once more. I had spent nearly three years on the Congo, during the greater portion of which time I had been in the service of the Belgian State, and the remainder with the Sanford Exploring Expedition. I thought I had had enough of Africa, for a time at least, and wanted to get away. The life had become monotonous to me; every tree and track on the whole Congo route was familiar; with languages I well acquainted, and there seemed little, if anything, to tempt me to remain further.

I was not fated to return to England, however, just then. In the of my preparations



departure, a ~~meeting~~ meeting with an old friend<sup>d</sup> and ~~known to my work~~ work—Charles Ingham—led ~~me~~ a complete reversal of my thoughts ~~and~~ ~~my~~ ~~life~~.

Ingham, whom I happened to meet at Matadi, was acting at the ~~time~~ as the ~~agent~~ agent of Mr. Stanley, in connection with the Emin Pasha ~~Expedition~~ Expedition. His mission was the employ-~~ment~~ of porters for the conveyance of the baggage of the Expedition up country, through the ~~region~~ region. From him I learned for the first time of the presence of Mr. Stanley, once more, on African soil, and of the ~~work~~ he ~~was~~ undertaking. The ~~news~~ came to me as a startling surprise. Cut off as I had been from almost all civilised life, ~~and~~ of every ~~kind~~ of ~~the~~ doings of the outer world ~~was~~ to me as a closed book. The days ~~passed~~ and went, and ~~the~~ weeks ~~passed~~ into months, as, pursuing the ordinary course of my life. I lived, careless of outside history ~~and~~ incident, happy and contented if only ~~some~~ sport ~~and~~ adventure attended my frequent journey-  
ings.

Ingham's tidings interested me strangely, and I questioned him in no little detail as to the ways and means of the whole proceeding, with which he was temporarily associated. I ~~learned~~ ~~from~~ him ~~that~~ ~~his~~ ~~connection~~ connection with the Expedition was only a temporary one. Pressed as he had been to give ~~up~~ ~~his~~ permanently, he had ~~nevertheless~~ refused, preferring ~~to~~ his work as a ~~missionary~~

sionary on the Lower Congo, to journeying into the unknown interior. He was not, however, without enthusiasm in regard to the matter, and from him I learned of the whole plan of operations. As I listened, my feelings rapidly underwent a change. Thoughts of home, and longings for rest, were swept from my mind, and I became full of anxiety to form part of the band of travellers. The name of Stanley had always had a charm for me, and I had no greater regret than that my African experiences had not lasted back a sufficiently long time to allow of my having been with the great explorer in his earlier days of travel and discovery.

As I say, I knew nothing of Emin Pasha, but he compels me to mention that about him I cared not at all. Of his sufferings and trials, of his dangers and difficulties, I was in entire ignorance. Life with Stanley promised new experiences, new thought of adventures, and those things which from my early days had appeared in my sporting mind to make life worth living. For glory or profit I had no heed; but for sport and adventure I was keen and excited. I was hopeful of achieving my purpose. I knew Stanley, and would not come to him as an entire stranger. Through him I had been first appointed to the Congo service. I did not, however, rest my hopes on this fact alone. The explorer, I knew, was a practical man, who leaned more towards actions than words. With him there

could be no more powerful or persuasive argument, than proof of energy and ready adaptability. I was quick to discover from Ingham that time was short, and the men he sought were scattered. Here was my opportunity, and I seized it without ado. Applying my knowledge of the people and the language to his assistance, I soon gathered some three hundred of the required porters together, and losing no time set out with them to meet Stanley and his company. With the much-desired supply of porters as an outward and visible argument in my favour, I was pretty confident that my request for permission to join the Expedition as a volunteer, would not be

## CHAPTER II

I HAD not been very long on the march when I met Stanley and his column. I have already described my first meeting with the Expedition, but in this volume which will probably be read by many who will not have an opportunity of referring to my 'Five Years with the Cougo (Annibals),' I make the following extract, from page 33 :—

'I had reached camp early in the morning, and was marching rapidly along ahead of my column, when in the distance coming over the brow of a hill I saw a tall Soudanese soldier bearing Bennett's yacht flag. Behind him and astride of a fine henna-stained mule, whose silver-plated strap-pings shone in the morning sun, was Mr. Henry M. Stanley, dressed in his khaki uniform. Following immediately in his rear were his personal servants, Somalis with their curious braided waist-coats and white robes. Then came Zanzibaris with their blankets, water-bottles, and guns. Stalwart Soudanese soldiers with their waist-coats, their rifles on their backs, and their straps and leather belts around their bodies; and

porters bearing boxes of ammunition, were axes and shovels as well as their little bundles of clothing which were rolled in coarse sandy-coloured mats.

'Stanley met me very cordially and mounted. "Take a seat," said he, with a wave of his hand, indicating the bare ground. He then squatted down, and he handed me a cigar from the silver case given him by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on the night of his departure.

'As concisely as possible I told him of my desire to join the Expedition, and after a few minutes' conversation Mr. Stanley told me he would accept me as a volunteer. He then expressed his surprise at my healthy appearance, considering I had been so long in Africa. Having directed me to hurry on with my natives to Matadi, to bring up the loads, and as expeditiously as possible overtake him at Stanley Pool, where we should all meet together, we parted.

'Passing along I became further acquainted with the constitution of Stanley's great caravan. At a point a whale-boat being in sections, suspended from poles were borne by four men; donkeys heavily laden with sacks of rice were next met with, and a little further on the women of Tippoo Tib's harem, their faces partly concealed, and their bodies draped in gaudily-coloured cloths; along the line of

English whom, of I exchanged friendly salutations; several large African goats, driven by fancy little boys. A short distance further on, an abrupt turn the narrow footpath brought into view the dignified form of the renowned Tippoo Tib, walking along majestically in his flowing Arab robe of dazzling whiteness, and carrying on his left shoulder a richly-decorated sabre, which was an emblem of office conferred on him by H.H. the Sultan of Zanzibar. Behind him a respectful retinue followed several Arab sheiks, whose bearing was quiet and dignified. In response to my salutation they bowed gracefully.

"Haijambo," said I.

"SiJambo," they replied,

"Khabari gani?" (what news?), I inquired.

"Khabari njema" (good news), was the reply, and in that way I passed along the line of 700 men, in whose ranks were represented various types from all parts of equatorial Africa, wearing the distinguishing garb of his own country. All their accoutrements looked bright and gay, for the Expedition had but a few days previously. As the procession filed along the narrow, rugged path, it produced an effect more brilliant than striking. The unbroken line of men over a probably

My work at Matadi, for which point I made after

leaving Stanley, was soon completed, cases of ammunition, provisions, and camp requirements were soon on the shoulders of the porters. From Matadi, in accordance with instructions, I on Manyanga, where I arrived on April 16. Here I found J. Rose Troup, who had been an old comrade in the Congo service, and whose name is now so familiar to the public. With him I had to spend several days Manyanga, owing to delay in the arrival of carriers who had been despatched from Matadi. Neither of us the residence at Manyanga, but there was nothing for it but to wait. The place is a most unlovely spot, and of gruesome memory for the Congo traveller. For it was here that Stanley, when founding the Congo State in 1882, suffered one of his most severe attacks of fever, and approached so near to death that he gathered his companions round his bedside, to hear what he considered would be his last message. Luckily however for the causes of science and progress, the explorer was spared for later and more successful undertakings. It was with a feeling of relief that Troup and I were at last able to say good-bye to Manyanga.

By forced marches on foot, we hurried on in the track of the Expedition, which we found encamped round Dutch trading-station. Shortly after our arrival, Mr. Stanley informed me that he wished me to accompany him

the following morning on board the 'Peace,' the steam-launch of the Baptist Mission, on which he was about to start up the Congo. My kit, however, was away at Leopoldville, and unless I made up my mind to start without any change of clothes whatever, I would have to get to Leopoldville and back in the few hours which intervened. I had tramped twenty-seven miles already that day, and I was so no longer that I set out again. The distance back was some five miles or more, but to my weary soul it seemed like the length. I made my scanty stock of ragged clothes eventually however, and having made the slight selection their condition permitted, got to Kinchasa weary, footsore, with wet clothes and shivering limbs, about six o'clock in the morning, just in time to get on board the 'Peace.' My troubles with the Expedition had commenced.

All the bustle and animation at Kinchasa, my companions, a pleasant evening's good night's rest, were in the liveliest of spirits. Everything looked rosy and promising at this point, and the future, so far as we could see, held the promise of failure in store. As the portions of the Expedition embarked, the scene was one of great enthusiasm, with cheers and hurrahs in the air. The 'Henry Reed' took the lead with Tippoo Tib and his people, immediately afterwards by the steamer 'Stanley,' bearing the greater number of



officers, a large portion of the Zanzibaris, with the 'Florida' hulk alongside; the 'Peace,' with Stanley and myself and the remainder of the Expedition on board, brought up the rear, whale-boats. I went well with the 'Henry Reed' and the 'Stanley;' but on board the 'Peace,' where Mr. Stanley and I were, were anything but satisfactory. We were not under way many minutes, when the tiller under the strain of the very swift current through which we were steering, and for a short time things looked very black indeed. Of the steering gear became utterly unmanageable, and, to make worse, the ship being carried by the right to a rocky island. The anchors were put out immediately, but for a while they proved utterly useless. They suddenly caught, and in the spasmodic shock the little steamer almost heeled over. A moment was one of grave danger, but, strangely enough, free of undue excitement. Stanley, situated at the bow, with eye eagerly strained to catch the result of the sudden stoppage, cried 'Look out!' in a way which put everyone on the *qui vive*. The trembling blacks watched and waited, but moved not; and after a little time we succeeded, though with great difficulty, in getting the vessel from the perilous position. By the working of the twin-screw arrangements we gained sufficient headway to enable us to reach the station of the

Sanford Exploring Expedition, [redacted] a [redacted]  
[redacted] point where our accident had happened.  
Here the remainder of that day and a portion of  
[redacted] occupied in repairing [redacted] damage  
done, and [redacted] then rejoined the 'Stanley' [redacted]  
'Henry Reed,' which had been lying in wait for [redacted]  
[redacted] of Stanley Pool.

## CHAPTER III

As we journeyed along en route to Bolobo, our next stopping-place, I had many talks with Mr. Stanley. It was then I really learned of the Expedition and its purport, and that I formally attached myself to the undertaking. My meeting with Mr. Stanley, described in the previous chapter, had been a very hurried affair, and as I was then anxious to press on, and equally anxious that his loads should move quickly, he contented himself with a verbal arrangement, in accepting my services as a volunteer, without any of the kind, as I had offered myself. Now, on the 'Peace,' he went over the matter more fully, and entered from me the written undertaking or contract which I quote:

‘CONTRACT OR ENGAGEMENT WITH THE  
EXPEDITION.

‘I, **H. M. STANLEY**, agree to **join** the Expedition, and to place myself under the command of **H. M. STANLEY**, leader of the Expedition, and to accept any post or

position in that Expedition to which he ~~was~~ appoint

'I ~~was~~ ~~to~~ to serve ~~him~~ loyally and devotedly; to obey ~~his~~ his orders; ~~and~~ ~~to~~ by whatsoever ~~means~~ he may choose; ~~and~~ ~~to~~ my ~~endeavour~~ endeavours to bring the Expedition ~~to~~ a successful issue.

'Should I leave the Expedition without his orders I agree to forfeit all claim to return-passage money.

'Mr. H. M. Stanley agrees ~~to~~ pay my return-~~passage~~ to England, provided I continue during the whole period of ~~the~~ Expedition.

'I undertake not to publish anything connected with the Expedition, or to ~~publish~~ any ~~article~~ ~~in~~ the newspapers for six months after the ~~close~~ of ~~the~~ publication of the Expedition by the leader ~~or~~ ~~my~~ representative.

'[Signed] HERBERT WARD.

'[Countersigned] HENRY M. STANLEY.

'Congo River, May 4, 1887.'

In the course of our interviews Stanley ~~expressed~~ me of his intention to appoint me to the position of Executive Lieutenant in charge of his No. 1 Company of Zanzibaris. Subsequently, however, in the course of the arrangements in connection with the Bolobo Camp, I learned to ~~my~~ disgust that this plan had been changed, and that I was to be left behind at Bolobo in command of the camp there, with Bonny and ~~my~~ men. The decision was any-

thing but an agreeable one to me, but I had signed my contract! As Mr. Stanley represented the matter, it was desirable that some one should charge Bulobo who knew the country and could speak the language. The real reason, however, for my being left behind was the want of my fellow travellers who urged upon Mr. Stanley that it would be unfair to allow me to go at the expense of any one of them being left, when they had journeyed with the Expedition from England, and I had only been 'picked up' by the way in Africa. There was a good deal of fairness in the argument, I admit, and it is with no idea of complaining I refer to the matter; nevertheless it was an unlucky day for me when I was left at Bulobo, for in consequence of my stay there I was prevented getting Yambuya in time to join Mr. Stanley, and was shut out from any part in the very doings of the Expedition to which I had looked forward when I joined.

Our camp at Bulobo consisted of four men, 'weakest in body,' as quote Mr. Stanley's phrase, with Bonny and myself as the only two whites. These four men had been selected by Mr. Stanley in case they might be left behind for a special purpose: first, that they might recruit somewhat, and secondly, that they might make room for the men of Major Barttelot and Surgeon Parke, who had journeyed with Stanley

~~At~~ Kwamouth, while we ~~are~~ making ~~our~~ way by water. Bonny and I with the men had now ~~to~~ Bolobo till the steamer 'Stanley' ~~could~~ go ~~to~~ Yambuya, discharge its present load there, ~~and~~ to Stanley Pool in order to take up Tronp and ~~the~~ remainder of the baggage, and call ~~on~~ on the way ~~there~~. The time occupied by these movements would, we estimated, leave us ~~at~~ Bolobo for some eight ~~or~~ ~~or~~ weeks. During this period all the work ~~the~~ men would have ~~to~~ do would be to collect wood-fuel ~~for~~ the 'Stanley' each day in the forest—a light and easy task, adapted to their ~~present~~ what delicate condition.

We made our camp on the site of the old station which Mr. Stanley has described in his 'Founding of the Congo' ~~as~~ having been established by him ~~at~~ ~~the~~ point, but of which scarcely any trace ~~was~~ ~~was~~ visible. Our stay ~~was~~ not altogether an unpleasant one, ~~even~~ for the unsatisfactory characteristics which attend ~~the~~ periods of waiting. Sport ~~was~~ had in plenty. The country is particularly fine and fertile, ~~and~~ wooded and watered, and abundantly supplied with all ~~sorts~~ of game—such as buffaloes, elephants, hippopotami, ~~and~~ wild pig. My camp duties ~~were~~ ~~of~~ a purely nominal character, and my ample ~~leisure~~ was pretty ~~well~~ ~~well~~ with sketching ~~and~~ shouting. Bonny and I ~~had~~ several hippopotami, ~~of~~ ~~of~~ which was much prized by our men. ~~It~~ figured constantly in their bill of fare, and when it ~~was~~

unacceptable, it was always useful in exchange with the natives for other food.

One of the most common incidents, so unavoidable when the white man has to deal in an executive capacity with the blacks, happened when we were leading this easy existence at Bolobo. As a result of the light work they had to perform, and the natural absence of rigid discipline, our men became very lazy and neglectful of those formal duties which mark the opening and closing of each day's life in camp. In this respect we were more guilty than others—many of the men were a very bad lot indeed—and eventually it became necessary to put a stop to this demoralisation, which we found spreading day by day. I determined to make an example of one black—a regular scoundrel—who completely ignored orders, and altogether placed our authority in defiance. We found it utterly impossible to get him to the morning parade, and so I gave him notice one day that, if on the following morning he did not 'fall in' as ordered, he would receive the recognised form of Zanzibari punishment, in the shape of flogging.

The morning came, but not compliance with my orders on his part. I went to find him during the day, but in the evening on his return to camp, I ordered that he should be seized and flogged. He was a desperate bully, and the men, filled with dread of him, made but a feeble attempt to carry out my

He then off. The moment was critical, and I realised that, if I was to maintain my authority, I should have with my own right arm. I went for him, as the phrase is, and we with one another, the grouped around watching the result. The mutineer was possessed of a club, and had me manifestly at a disadvantage. In the fight ensued, my foot caught a tent-peg, and I fell back on the ground. I was at his mercy, when Bonny, rushing forward, the his musket, and he was secured as prisoner. My original instructions were subsequently carried out, and this mutinous spirit was quelled.



# CHAPTER IV

AFTER we had spent about eight weeks at Bolobo, the 'Stanley' passed down the river on its way to Stanley Pool for Troup, and the Expedition had been left in his charge; and the captain delivered to me the following letter from Mr. Stanley. I quote it showing how I stood at this juncture, and the position I occupied in the mind of my chief.

'Yambuya Camp, Upper Arawimi.

'June 14, 1887.

'My dear Ward,—Within please find enclosed my letter to Troup, which after reading, close envelope, and it, with such other matter from yourself as the contents of my letter, your own conditions, physical and financial, will suggest as necessary.

'The "Stanley" towing the "Florida," and governed by the speed of the "Peace" which was ahead, and showed the way, arrived at this camp from Bangala in fourteen days. If the "Stanley" only the large whale-boat, it could be made in twelve days easily.

'Therefore my time-table should be as follows:—

'Starting from Leopoldville, say July 5, or earlier if possible—

	To Bolobo	July 10,	5 days
Fuel ready	To Lukolela	" 13,	3 "
	To Equator	" 16,	3 "
Halt half a day.	To Bangala	" 20,	4 "
half a day.	To Upoto	" 25,	5 "
	To camp here	August 1,	7 "

27 days

'The steamer leaves here to-morrow, on early on the 20th, loaded with fuel enough, I hope, to last her down river, and you should have two days' fuel ready for her going up. If she has anything like an ordinarily quick journey, the "Stanley" ought to be at Leopoldville on the 1st or 2nd of July. Give her two days to cut fuel and clean up, she ought to be at July 4 or 5 with Troop.

'You should give the "Stanley" crew chop to go down to Leo and back to Bolobo if possible, if you can spare brass rods. As she has only twenty men, 200 rods for ten days will suffice. If you have goats send down to Leo a favour with your compliments; these little attentions will be repaid by prompt despatch of "Stanley" from Leo.

'Supposing "Stanley" wrecked her way down Leo, you have the "Florida," and Greeshoff steamer, upon, which must be chartered all costs, in that event, but not otherwise. I am promising a liberal money-present to the captain and engineer, if they hurry up here with the last contingent of men and goods.

'We found chop in plenty everywhere. We had

■ regular system of ■ ■ soon ■ ■ ■ touched the bank, the wood-cutters and wood-gatherers began work, and if they were ■ ■ they finished long before midnight. The great thing is to collect fuel and bring ■ to ■ landing-place ■ cutting. The long ■ require sharpening by day ready for ■ excellent work of them by night. We bought goats from the mission Lukolela and from the Equator and Bangala, paying for them in rods. You can do ■

' We distributed ammunition to the people the night before reaching the Aruwimi river.

' I regret to inform you that Baruti, the black boy who was with me in England, deserted here the night ■ last, taking with him two Winchester rifles, my little pocket-revolver, and pedometer. With him went Mburra and Ferasi, boys belonging respectively to the captain and engineer of the "Stanley." They took with them a couple of Remingtons and ammunition-pouches. You will have fifty-three guns with you when you come up. If you had an interpreter—if he is a boy from Upper Congo, secure him—you might be able by menace to get those guns back. I do not care for the lads. ■ course the natives will strenuously deny—they always do so—but it is an absolute certainty that the boys (four) took a canoe from our landing-place. A vast amount of circumstantial evidence proving this has been collected after their departure. Your people are not first class, yet, if these guns are not delivered, consult with Captain Sohogstrom what you had best do. Do not act precipitately or rashly. Offer to purchase the guns for anything they need.

But do not land your people in the village, nor do not camp opposite. There is nice camping-ground above the Baroko village at the confluence of a creek. Put the creek between your camp and the natives. Keep a good look out, that is all.

'Give my compliments to Bonny, and let me be anxious for your early arrival here as my lieutenant.

'Yours, very sincerely,

(Signed) 'HENRY M. STANLEY'

'Herbert Ward, Esq.'

Trouop and the numerous loads of ammunition, stores, cloth, beads, &c., having been taken on board, the 'Stanley' returned to Bolobo on July 10. We then made camp there, and embarking on the steamer, we all proceeded to Yambuya to join the Congo Guard. Eager and anxious to greet our brother officers once more, we paid little heed to aught save the rapidity of our passage. There was not very much, indeed, to inspire us with enthusiasm as regards the country, or people, lying along our route. The scenery of the Aruwimi river up which we travelled, after leaving the Congo, though somewhat more varied than in the case of the other tributaries, was not in any sense remarkable; the banks lining the river exhibiting traces of past glory, rather than of present magnificence. As for the people, they were of too warlike a character to permit of any anxiety on our part for delay.

The journey, however, was not without a

mishap, which ■■■■■ a very threatening aspect indeed. On July 14, when ■■■■■ was steaming ahead ■ full speed, ■■■■■ were suddenly brought ■ a standstill with ■ violent shock. ■■■■■ struck something, felt ourselves thrown back, ■■■■■ then ■■■■■ stuck fast. A swift examination showed that we had run ■■■■■ a 'mag' or submerged tree-root which had caught us amidships. We tried ■■■■■ ahead, ■■■■■ to ■■■■■ motion, but with ■■■■■ avail. We were on ■ pivot ■■■■■ were, and could ■■■■■ nothing but swing round. Luckily for us, ■■■■■ ship's bottom continued watertight, and therefore a certain ■■■■■ of safety ■■■■■ assured. We were, however, ■ good distance from shore, and in the midst of ■ very strong current. Providentially, as it were, ■■■■■ canoes ■■■■■ appeared in sight, and we succeeded in gaining the sympathy and co-operation of their occupants, but not without a good ■■■■■ of difficulty. The natives having bargained with us, agreed ■■■■■ take ■■■■■ men ashore, while we endeavoured to put ■■■■■ right on board. They ■■■■■ with the intention of returning immediately; but as they did ■■■■■ put in a speedy reappearance, I went ashore ■■■■■ hurry them up. I ■■■■■ ■■■■■ impossible to get them back as early as we had hoped, and, as ■■■■■ was ■■■■■ becoming dark, had to be content with their promise to come at dawn.

We ■■■■■ in ■■■■■ exceedingly ■■■■■ position, ■■■■■ steam was kept up all night, in view of ■ possible

escape. Sleep was out of the question. Luckily us, our men, realising their danger, us difficulty in direction. The canoes put their promised appearance the morning of the 15th, blowing so hard that they were half full of water when they reached us. With their guns lightened the steamer, after three days of danger and difficulty enabled to proceed again with everything intact.

At length we were in sight of Yambuya, and obtained a first glimpse of that sad scene of so much suffering, disaster, and death. All the blackness and darkness, however, was mercifully withheld from vision, and now, as we steamed up, we had for other feelings than those of bright hopefulness and cheery anticipation. As the 'Stanley,' rushed along, straining eyes caught sight of a brown patch in the forest bank ahead, which, as we drew nearer, resolved itself into a village made up of conically shaped huts, inside a picturesque fortification. On the beach, awaiting our advent, was a crowd of swarthy and Soudanese soldiery, while thrown into strong relief by the effective background were the figures of Stanley and Jameson, walking up and down together.

Met by lusty cheers and handshakes, and amidst a scene of wild enthusiasm, we embarked, and eagerly besought information of our friends. We did we Stanley, Stairs,

## MY LIFE WITH

Nelson, Jephson, and Parks, had gone on with 400 the best men of the Expedition, six weeks previously, and that we, who had now arrived, were to place under the command Major Barttelot. That there might be no uncertainty as our position instructions, allocated to us the now famous letter of Mr. Stanley's, of which I think I had best give a copy here.

*' To Major Barttelot, &c.*

*' June 24, 1887.*

' Sir,—As the senior of those accompanying me on Emin Expedition, the command of this important post naturally on you. It is also for the interest of the Expedition that you accept this command, from the fact that your Soudanese company, being soldiers and more capable of garrison duty than the Zanzibaris, will be better utilised than on the road.

' The steamer "Stanley" left Yambuya on the 22nd of this month for Stanley Pool. If she with no mischance, she ought to be at Leopoldville on July 2. In two days more she will be loaded about 500 loads of our goods, which were left in charge of Mr. J. R. Troup. This gentleman will embark, and on July 4 I assume that the "Stanley" will commence her ascent of the river, and arrive at Bolobo on the 9th. Fuel being ready, the men in charge of Messrs. Ward and Bonny, now at Bolobo, will embark, and the steamer will continue her journey. She will be at Bangala on July 19,

and arrive here on July 31. Of course, the lowness of the river in that month may delay her a few days, but, having great confidence in her captain, we certainly expect her before August 10.

'It is the non-arrival of these goods and men which compels me to appoint you as commander of this post. But, as I shall shortly expect the arrival of a strong reinforcement of men, greatly exceeding the Advance Force which must, at all hazards, push on to the rescue of Emin Pasha, I hope you will not be detained longer than a few days after the departure of the "Stanley," on her last voyage to Stanley Pool in August.

'Meanwhile, pending the arrival of men and goods, it behoves you to be very alert and wary in the command of this stockaded camp. Though the camp is favourably situated and naturally strong, a brave enemy would find it no difficult task to capture it if the commander is lax in discipline, vigour, and energy. Therefore, I am sure that I have made a wise choice in selecting you to guard this place here during my absence.

'The interests now entrusted to you are of great importance to the Expedition. The men you will eventually have under you consist of more than an entire company of the Expedition. The goods which will be brought here are the currency needed for transit through the regions beyond the lakes; the stores will be a large quantity of ammunition and provisions, which are of equal importance to us. The loss of these goods would be a ruin to us, and the Advance Force itself would need to solicit aid in this respect. Therefore, weighing these



well, I hope you will spare no pains to maintain discipline in your camp, to keep your men in complete, and keep them in such a condition that, however brave an enemy may be, he will not make an impression on them. For the latter I would recommend you to make an artificial ditch six feet wide, three feet deep, leading from the natural ditch, where the spring is, round the stockade. A platform, like that on the southern side of the camp, constructed near the eastern well and the western gate, would be of advantage to the strength of the camp. For, remember, it is not the natives alone who may wish to attack you, but the Arabs and their followers may, through some cause or other, quarrel with you and assail your camp.<sup>1</sup>

Our march from here will be due east, or by magnetic compass east by south, as far as possible. Certain marches that we may make may not exactly lead in the direction aimed at. Nevertheless, it is the south-west corner of Lake Albert, and at Kavalli, that is our destination. When we arrive there we shall form a strong camp in the neighbourhood, launch our boat for Kibero in Unyoro, to hear from Signor Casati, if he is there, of the condition of Emin Pasha. If the latter is alive and in the neighbourhood of the lake we shall communicate with him, and afterwards conduct our march guided by what we learn of the intentions of Emin Pasha. We may assume that he will

<sup>1</sup> This is one of the most striking points in this narrative. It is to be noted that Mr. Stanley warns us against the Arabs—the very men we were dependent upon for the carriage of the load.

be longer than a fortnight with him before deciding on return toward the camp along the road traversed by

'We will endeavour, by blazing trees and cutting saplings along road, to leave sufficient traces of route taken by us. We shall always take, by preference, tracks leading eastward. At all crossings where paths intersect we shall bar up and make a few inches deep across all paths not used by us, besides blazing trees when possible.

'It may happen, should Tippoo Tib have sent the full number of adults promised by him to me, viz., 600 men (able to carry loads), and the "Stanley" has arrived safely with the 125 men left by me at Ikolobo, you will feel yourself sufficiently competent to march the column, with all the goods brought by the "Stanley," and those left by me at Yambuya, along the road pursued by me. In that event, which would be very desirable, you will follow closely route, and before many days we should most assuredly meet. No doubt you will our horses intact and standing, and you should endeavour to make your marches so that you could utilise these as you marched. Better guides than those horses of could be made. If you do not meet them in the of two days' march, you may assured that you not on our route.

'It may happen also that though Tippoo has not sent enough to carry the goods with your force. In that you will, of course, use your discretion as to what goods you can dispense with to enable you to march. For this purpose you study your attentively.

' 1st. Ammunition, especially fixed, is most important.

' 2nd. Beads, brass wire, cowries, and cloth rank

' 3rd. Luggage.

' 4th. Powder and caps.

' 5th. European provisions.

' 6th. Brass rods as used on the Congo.

' 7th. Provisions (rice, beans, millet, fruits).

' Therefore you must consider, after rope, sacking, tools, such as shovels (never discard a hook), how many sacks of provisions you can distribute among your men to enable you to march, whether the brass rods in the could go also, and there stop. If you still march, then it would be better to make two marches of six miles twice over, if you prefer marching to staying until arrival, than throw many things away.

' With "Stanley's" departure Yambuza, you not fail to send a report to Mr. William Mackinnon, of Gray, Dawes & Co., Austin Friars, London, of what happened in your absence, when I went away eastward; whether you have heard of or from me at all, when you do expect to hear, and what you are doing. You also send a copy of order, the Committee judge whether you have acted, or propose to act, judiciously.

' Your present garrison shall consist of eighty rifles, and from forty to fifty supernumeraries. The "Stanley" is to bring you a week or fifty

more [redacted] and seventy-five supernumeraries [redacted] Messrs. Troup, Ward, and Boony.

'I [redacted] Mr. J. S. Jameson with you at present. [redacted] Troup, Ward, [redacted] Boony will submit to your authority. In the ordinary duties of the defence, and the conduct of the camp, or of the march, [redacted] is only one chief, which [redacted] yourself; but should any vital step be proposed to be taken, I beg you will take the voice of Mr. Jameson also. And when Messrs. Troup and Ward are here, pray admit them to your confidence, and let them speak freely their opinions. I think [redacted] have written very clearly upon everything that strikes me as necessary. Your treatment of the natives, I suggest, should depend entirely upon their conduct to you. [redacted] them to return to the neighbouring villages in peace, and if you can in any manner, by moderation, [redacted] gifts occasionally of brass rods, &c., hasten an amiable [redacted] intercourse, I should recommend your doing so. Lose no opportunity of obtaining all kinds of information [redacted] respecting the natives, the position of the various villages in your neighbourhood, &c., [redacted]

'I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,

'HENRY M. STANLEY,

'*Commanding Expedition.*'

## CHAPTER V

It was August 11, 1887, and little I imagined then, I had reached the furthest point that I to travel in the path of the Emin Relief Expedition. Giving no thought, however, to such unpleasant outcome, with light hearts and ready hands we attended to the storage of the different goods had brought, and the acquainting of ourselves with the place and the with whom we were to be brought in daily contact for time to . To the next few days of special interest, for with health—which was subsequently to down death's point—comparatively good, and little to do in the way actual work, I was enabled to devote myself a study of my companions, and the way in which African affected their views and dispositions.

To Barttelot, as temporary chief, I of my thought. Somehow another from the very Barttelot and I to 'it off.' We viewed things in different lights: he through strict, stern, rigid spectacles of discipline and with the autocratic manner of a British officer; while I, who roughed it the world over,

upon me which came of such adventure, and that cosmopolitanism which results from being *vis-à-vis* in every phase of life. In a word, he was a soldier come to Emin Pasha: I had joined the explorer in the hope of stirring adventure with gun and pencil. He was a stranger to African customs and speech, with the ever-present suspicion of everyone and everything which this disadvantage must always excite. I had an acquaintance with two or three of the languages, and that knowledge of native methods which could only be acquired by residence amongst the people. As a consequence of all this, the black people with whom he was brought into contact were to Barttelot an unknown quantity, and his contempt and disdain natural to the highly strung officer who believed nothing equal to the British soldier, gained full and unfortunate sway. He had been used to the plain and upright dealings of the white man, and, if trickery, such trickery as he could understand. He was completely at a loss when dealing with the black whose word is so frequently a lie. Handicapped, however, as he was in this way, Barttelot was nevertheless full of good points. He was one of those men who, if you met him at a dinner-party or any place where the man could divest himself of the heavy responsibility he then had, would have been taken by you as one of the best men in the world. Free of countenance and free of speech, with his bright boyish animated face swift to

## MY LIFE WITH

reflect his passing thought, he captured your friendliness while he was in the mood, and moved you consciously to sympathy. He had a fund of stories and a wealth of humour, so that he appeared as his best as a raconteur. His conversation for his father was unbounded, and the man would have been a cold spirit who would have responded with an admiring thought, as he rang the pleasant changes of the 'dear old Guv'nor.' He was British, too, to the finger tips in the matter of horses. He dearly loved a horse, and it was amusing to see sometimes how horseflesh was such a frequent standard of reference, in the discussions of human ills, and remedies. His life was a breath from the country lanes and pleasant fields; his stories constantly of the hunting-field; and one's recollections travel in sorrow to that lonely in the primeval forest, one cannot help the saddening thought, how far would it have been if the glories of the chase he loved so well had held him fast; rather than the unhappy influence which drew him on to death at the hands of the rifle, and a grave in an African desert.

In many ways he was the perfect antithesis of Jameson. While he was full of energy, burning with zeal, and mercurial even to hot-headedness, never two minutes quiet, walking up and down to get off steam, he burning desire to be up and doing; Jameson was quiet to a

degree, extremely unassuming, a most refined expression of countenance, and a voice which, in its low-pitched pleasing tones, spoke the true spirit of the Barttelot, with his jawed, firmly moulded face, in which there no desire to hide, reminded you of the straight daring rider country; Jameson, his winsome features and musical intonation, drew your thoughts away to the quiet of the library, and the of the student. Yet there no keener sportsman than he. His face gave you the of delicacy, but the limbs of the muscular, and courage and determination shone from out his clear and fearless eye. He had shot in the Rockies; been to Borneo, where he had suffered from a very sunstroke, and wandered in many in search of the adventure he loved so well. Poor Jameson! I felt drawn to him from the very For nearly seven months I dwelt in his companionship, and by him in my need. Little did I dream then that, ere one weary year had sped its course, mine would be his dying wants, mine the arms in which would his final breath. Always bright and pleasant, cheering us in our hours of despair, he who had been bred in the lap of luxury taught us lessons in the way of roughing it, meeting inconveniences with a laugh, and suffering with a joke. He, in truth, was one of nature's noblemen, for never in the of



all our friendship did I hear him say a bitter word of a single soul. He is the first of all the men I have ever met of whom I can say the same thing.

Troup was I was old friends, having been comrades in the Congo service. He is a son of [redacted] [redacted] Troup, well known in India, and originally intended [redacted] the Army, for which he had passed the necessary examinations. For [redacted] [redacted] another, however, he [redacted] joined, and, after travelling about [redacted] [redacted] considerably and spending some time [redacted] journalistic work, he betook himself [redacted] the Congo, where we first became acquainted. Very methodical in his habits, and conscientious to a degree, he was the very man for the transport work, for which Stanley had specially selected him.

Plucky in spirit and methodical in principle, [redacted] ideas bounded by considerations of rigid discipline, Bonny, who was charged with [redacted] functions by reason of his possessing some hospital experience, proved a valuable assistant. He had however [redacted] non-commissioned rank in the Army Hospital Corps, [redacted] [redacted] always viewed in [redacted] light of his past position by Barttelot. There thus arose a condition of things partly undefinable, but [redacted] [redacted] of outcome. [redacted] [redacted] ignorant of [redacted] Kiswahili language spoken by [redacted] men, and was [redacted] consequence [redacted] [redacted] mercy of [redacted] interpreters, [redacted] whose stories [redacted] took many notes.

## CHAPTER VII

So much for my fellow-officers. Now a word as to the men and the situation of our camp. The strength of the Rear Division at the time of our arrival was Soudanese, 44; Nomalin, 2; Zanzibaris, 200; making a total of 246. There had been some deaths in camp from the time of Stanley's departure on June 20. The sentry duty was entirely in the hands of the Soudanese, the Zanzibaris finding pickets. The Soudanese, with whom Barttelot was on the best of terms—they were the only armed soldiers in camp—were entirely in his charge. The 125 men brought up by Bonny and myself were under his control. Jameson had charge of the *Volunteers* brought up by Parke, and Troup did general work in addition to the care of the baggage. There were two Zanzibari interpreters—John Henry, who had already been in the Congo Free State service, and another named Bartholomew. The Soudanese interpreter was a notorious Assad Farran, whose name attracted much publicity in connection with the criminal charges and perjured testimony.

The camp itself was pitched on the side of the river, and enclosed by a palisade of sticks. On the side facing the river there was a vertical palisade running some fifty feet down, and amply protected by a palisade of sticks I speak of, the sticks being some two inches in diameter and some fifteen feet in length. Several huts made of sticks and planks, and covered with grass, formed our dwelling-places. Bartolot at this time had his hut pitched right in the men's camp; while, a little way off, and beside my own, Jamieson occupied a large hut in which the ammunition and personal baggage was in his charge when Stanley had departed from Yambuya. Bonny and Troup were in a large hut opposite, with scores brought by the latter. Our quarters were quartered in adjoining. Outside the camp, and lying around us, were large quantities of manioc, from which our men derived daily food.

And now one word as to our position before I pass on. Stanley and his companions had left on June 20, and we were roughly told that, as we were compelled to remain at Yambuya till his return, our stay there would not extend beyond the month of November. The period, however, was fixed rather by inference than by plain statement of fact, the inference resting on a postscript in Stanley's letter to Bartolot, directing that we should

rod (to buy fish) and six cowrie shells should be given to each man per week for five months. Everything, however, depended upon Tippoo Tib, and he supplied the required number of men to carry the goods with our loads, we were able to move without delay, following in the track which it was arranged would be marked out by blasted trees, cut saplings and guiding marks. As I say, everything depended upon the supply of men by Tippoo Tib. But when we reached the camp on August 14, six weeks after Stanley had departed, these men had not been supplied by Tippoo Tib; we could do nothing but join our comrades in their attitude of expectancy and hopefulness for the speedy fulfilment of Tippoo Tib's promise.

There was no reason why we should at this time suppose that Tippoo Tib's promise would not be fulfilled; and we had, roughly speaking, 700 loads of fully 65 lbs. each, and only 170 available men to carry, it seemed foolish for us to think of moving by several stages, thereby running the risk of losing a portion of the stores, which, according to our instructions, were regarded as a vital part of the Expedition.

From my first conversation with Barttelot was made regard to the amount of the European provisions. Prior to his setting out from Yambuya Mr. Stanley had given to each of the officers then with him, a supply supposed to be sufficient for six months. We

naturally [redacted] for our share on arriving at Yambuya, but, [redacted] the astonishment of us all, Major Barttelot refused, saying Mr. Stanley [redacted] [redacted] instructions, [redacted] would require the stores to be delivered up intact. We had some argument, however, regarding the matter, and eventually succeeded in obtaining the following, which Barttelot estimated [redacted] three months' supply: 1½ lb. coffee, 1 lb. tea, 1½ tins [redacted] and butter, 2 tins milk, ½ lb. sugar, 1½ tins jam and chocolate milk, 1 tin cocoa and milk, sardines, sausage, 1 lb. fancy biscuits, ½ tin red herring, ½ lb. flour, 1 pot Liebig, ½ lb. tapioca, 1 lb. sago.

One of the [redacted] incidents associated with our life at Yambuya occurred while the 'Stanley' [redacted] still lying there discharging the loads. It [redacted] an attack by Arabs upon a native camp on the opposite [redacted] to us, and [redacted] noteworthy because of the impression [redacted] gave us, that they [redacted] the advanced guard of the [redacted] promised us by Tippoo Tib. In [redacted] ignorance, [redacted] believed that there was [redacted] Arab community in [redacted] district whatever, and that consequently these [redacted] had [redacted] [redacted] from Stanley Falls. We found [redacted] on, however, that [redacted] were quite in error, and that, [redacted] regards our idea of these [redacted] being [redacted] nected in [redacted] way [redacted] our porters, the [redacted] was only unfortunately [redacted] [redacted] thought.

## CHAPTER VIII

WE had not been at Yambuya more than a day or two when Abdallah, the headman of the Manyemas who had attacked the natives, arrived at our camp. He was interviewed by Major Barttelot in presence of us all. From him we learnt that Tippoo Tib had about 500 men to us in canoes, but they had encountered such hostility from the natives, and were so done up after paddling six days against the stream without finding any indication of our whereabouts, that they had eventually been disbanded, small bands of Manyemas being sent out in different directions in order to discover us, if possible. According to Abdallah, he was headman of one of the parties sent out. A further reason for the disbanding of the party was told, that their provisions had given out, and the natives had proved too strong for them. He stated, in conclusion, that Tippoo Tib was quite willing to supply our men, and he urged that, as Stanley was only a few days' journey off, we should go ourselves to see Tippoo Tib personally on the subject, and undertake to accompany us as guide.

consultation together, Major Bartleot decided to send Jameson and myself to Stanley Falls to interview Tippoo Tib. The account of our journey is given very fully in my notes, from which I now quote:—

*Tuesday, August 23, 1887.*—Started at 7 from our entrenched camp of Yambu, Jameson, for Stanley Falls to Tippoo Tib about getting the 400 Manyemas. Had an escort of Arabs and Stanley natives. The march was literally bad dense forest with interminable undergrowth, which rendered it very difficult by the tall manioc, which at times formed plantations of villages long since destroyed by Arab bandits. From midday until 4 P.M. a little track led us through very foul-smelling swamps and across streams with white-sand bottoms. All dense, virgin forest. At 4 P.M. we camped the night in the forest. Ants, mosquitoes, and other biting insects in abundance. Our dinner consisted of a mouldy biscuit each; and we saw a fight between a Manyema and two Falls natives. They struggled and fought with other with their knives, but did no serious damage. This afternoon these natives captured an old man, woman, and a child, after an exciting hunt through the swamps and bush. The poor captives were very frightened, shook, and cried. The Arab hunters refused their release on any account, and the expression of disgust on the faces of the captives was amusing.

These natives with us (they come from the other side of the Congo) are the wildest and fiercest I've yet seen. Their faces and lips are deeply scored with

A round piece of ivory is inserted in their upper lip. Lawless and as quick as monkeys, which they much resemble. They wear round hats of monkey skin, and carry their traps in a kind of potato net on their backs, the band passing across their forehead.

*Wednesday, August 24.*—Left our bush 5.30 after a miserable breakfast of plain boiled rice, and we tramped through bush and swamp, the same as yesterday, until 11 A.M., when we came into native clearing, and walked along the trunks of fallen trees for about two miles. We passed a village with a few natives, passed through it (containing beehives) and reached another. Here we stopped while Abdallah sent to some Arabs who were on a raiding expedition and who held a small village at some distance. They came after a bit in their white robes and turbans, with their gun-bearers. They said they would give us a guide, but we had better camp in the village to-day, and start fresh to-morrow, as we could not reach water in a six hours' march. The Arabs, about forty, had plenty of captive slaves in a village at a little distance off. Houses here are very poor—mere roofs with strips of matting. Natives not at all frightened at seeing white men for the first time—very servile. Chief made a speech, each sentence being repeated by his secretary. Plenty of maize. The head sheik of the Arabs gave us some beautiful rice and a fine fowl. We were awfully worried by small flies (like the black sand-fly).

*Thursday, August 25.*—We went on with our Arabs, and passed through a number of



clearings, and whole forests of plantain down for twenty minutes in the forest caught natives, and made their until a pot of malku (palm-wine) produced. Sketched a couple of heads. Tramped right on, until 5.20 p.m.—a frightful journey through dripping forest and up the swampy of streams. We made about nine hours' march to-day, had food, as loads were behind. Camped, hungry, side of forest hill. Sand-flies a fearful pest, and large black in abundance. The natives in Dina were bad. (Chief with a pariah dog under his arm and said 'Never white before; want to be friends with him, I give him something to so that he shall say the people of Dina are his friends.' And then he handed the dog by the hind leg. We accepted, of course, looked pleased, and passed on (This speech translated by a captive who had been with the Arabs long enough speak Kiswahili). This is one of the most confounded day's marching I've ever done.

*Friday, August 26.*—We started six this morning, passing through gorgeous pictures of tropical scenery during the early part of the day. I have never a more magnificent than that presented by this forest. The light and effects produced by the trees and creepers beat anything I ever experienced in tropical countries. passing over several hills we crossed a river a native canoe, and shortly afterwards my eyes rested on the glistening waters of the Congo. Descending a hill leading to the water, we came a

populous village Yalimula. Our march was about miles up this time, and journeyed up the river a couple of miles to Yawami, a native village governed by an Arab representative. Here we camped for the night. No rain to-day; everything pleasant.

*Saturday, August 27.*—Started at daybreak and changed a little higher up. Caught in a terrific thunderstorm. Thunder and lightning all round; the drenching us completely and the sea as choppy as possible. In the lowest of spirits. Life scarcely worth living under conditions like these. Every vestige of covering regularly soaked. Camped in a native village called Tatikusu. Great objects of interest to people, who treat us kindly. Poor old Jameson very sick to-night. No food all day for either of us save a lump of stale kwanga, which tasted for all the world like putty, which it strongly resembles in appearance.

*Sunday, August 28.*—Off before daylight and reached Stanley Falls after a very bad day of burning sun. Sick and tired to-night. Tippoo Tib came down to meet us and was very kind. As we were famished, the Arab food which he sent us was relished highly by each of us than anything taken before.

On our arrival at Stanley Falls we found Tippoo Tib, bland, courteous, accommodating in every way. We handed him a letter from Major Barttelot [which had been translated into Arabic by Farran, the interpreter] explaining our mistake his men made, telling him Mr. Stanley had gone on,

and saying we were still awaiting the promised 600 men (porters). The letter concluded by informing Tippoo Tib that [redacted] powder promised him by Mr. Stanley [redacted] arrived [redacted] Yambuya, [redacted] [redacted] agreement made [redacted] [redacted] good. Tippoo Tib's explanation [redacted] [redacted] that Mr. Stanley had told him that our camp would be found near Basoko; that he (Tippoo Tib) had sent his men up past [redacted] without discovering us; [redacted] he had then sent his men [redacted] food, in the search [redacted] which they [redacted] attacked, and four [redacted] killed by the natives. He had ultimately given up hope of finding us, and had sent out messengers as explained. To make a long story short, Tippoo Tib professed friendliness in a [redacted] degree, and we left with the understanding [redacted] he would immediately send us as many men as [redacted] could, but he feared he would [redacted] be able to make up the large number he had originally got together.

My notes supply the following account of my return journey:—

*Monday, September 3.*—(The [redacted] from the Falls [redacted] Yambuya). Started from Yalisula (on Congo, [redacted] [redacted] point [redacted] Yambuya. Canoes from there to Falls, two and a [redacted] days [redacted] Congo River). We agreed that [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] first. [redacted] [redacted] Jamieson adieu, and [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] return journey [redacted] Yambuya about [redacted] A.M., with [redacted] [redacted] twenty Manyema. Was caught in an awful thunderstorm at 3 P.M., and at [redacted] had to [redacted]

everything soaking. It rained and thundered nearly all night, and had to sleep (?) in my old macintosh.

*Tuesday, September 6.*—Away at dawn, cold, all my traps, ~~etc.~~ etc., ~~and~~ muddy. Tramped hard all day until 4.30, when another thunderstorm caught me into a miserable village Yautaru camped. A row my men being behind. Natives very scared, and men everywhere. In exceedingly bad temper. Had to lie down to sleep, hungry, wet clothes. Lost my coffee and tea by the beastly the carriers, that my four months' allowance! also gone, melted by the rain.

*Wednesday, September 7.*—Away before daybreak, and tramped hard day, feeling very unwell, nothing. My men were knocked up a village six hours from Yambuya, and refused to proceed. I went on with my gun-bearer and got to the Yambuya at sundown; a little fish and turned in.

*September 8.*—Very seedy this morning.

## CHAPTER IX

My notes break off suddenly ■ this point, and for five weeks there is no entry. The neediness which I noted ■ September 8 ■■ but the beginning of a severe attack of dysentery, and until the middle of October I lay sick and helpless ■ my bed of grass, suffering almost all the horrors of the damned. Oh, the horrors of that weary time ! Even now, freed as I ■ from all possibility of sickness under such horrifying conditions, I cannot help a shudder passing over ■ ■ my thoughts revert to that miserable period. Of succour there was little ; of proper food there ■ none. Day after day, night after night, I lay in my scanty grass hut, with my ragged clothes drawn round my shivering frame, my strength ebbing slowly away, and life's little light growing dimmer and dimmer. Pain and ache, ache and pain—no change, ■ relief as the hours hurried onward in their flight and the light of day gave way to the darkness of night. Now a comrade's face would look in upon me, and ■■ a friendly hand clasp mine ; ■■ the pain went on, till the fevered imagination pictured ■ friendly glance as the face of a grinning



of the forest crowding my hut, holding high revel on my bed, and, emboldened by my apparent lifelessness, even nibbling my matted ■■■■■ ■■■■■

■■■■■ ■■■■■ ■ connection with ■■■■■ ■■■■■ ■■■■■ stands out vividly in my recollection. ■■■■■ ■■■■■ midnight on one occasion when Jameson, who happened to be officer of the watch, came into my hut to cheer ■■■■■ with a few ■■■■■ of that ■■■■■ conversation of his I liked so well. ■■■■■ was seated on a stool to the right ■■■■■ my bed, talking in the dim light which an improvised oil-lamp ■■■■■ from the ■■■■■ ■■■■■ the floor. As he chattered, ■■■■■ I lay listening without strength to join much in his talk, a noise behind my ■■■■■ made me give a sudden petulant movement, ■■■■■ bring the hangings at my back more closely together. I heard ■■■■■ swishing, rattling sound as something tumbled ■■■■■ floor, and ■■■■■ Jameson, with a strange glare in his eye, seek to peer beneath the rude couch on which I lay. In a ■■■■■ ■■■■■ had risen, and now with a look of horror he grasped a piece of wood standing near. As I caught his ■■■■■ and followed his glance, I saw issuing from under my bed a large black snake. Quick as lightning my companion struck it on the head with his stick, and with one blow killed it. Without knowing it, I had saved my life by ■■■■■ first movement above my head, and Jameson had now removed all danger. All talk was over ■■■■■ us, and, completely prostrated, I turned on my bed to try and obtain some sleep.

Jameson proceeded on his rounds, and had hung up the snake on a cross-beam at the end of the hut, in the expectation of having it removed in the morning.

I slept but for a very short time, to awaken in a fearfully nervous and excited condition. No weak as I, that the entire occurrence of an hour before had lost my memory. The moon by this time, as its rays streamed in through a hole in my hut, they fell upon the body of the snake which was hung up. I had, as I say, quite forgotten everything, and now as the moonbeams on its glistening form, wriggling, twisting, and turning in its muscular convulsions, fearful thoughts came to me. I sought to cry out, but my parched lips refused their office. I attempted to spring out of bed, but my weakened limbs possessed no power of movement. And so for hours I lay gazing at the hideous sight, awayed and tortured by doubts and horrors, till the morning brought me peace.

On October 15, in a condition which might in truth be described as more than alive, I was enabled to crawl from my bed into the open air. The sun appeared to me precisely as they were when I had been taken ill. The expected porters had not arrived from Tippoo Tib, there was no news from Mr. Stanley, and in the evening were waiting for me. Sickness had thinned



our ranks, **Troup**, **Bonny**, had more or less severe touches of the fever. A rumour regarding Stanley's return camp through a native chief, N'Gunga, whose village certain of Stanley's Zanzibaris had returned. These Zanzibaris had represented that Stanley was in a village called Opoy, where a desperate fight had taken place, and from which they had only escaped with their lives. It was afterwards discovered, however, that their story was a pack of lies, and that they had deserted from Stanley on the march, making up this version of affairs to their reappearance.

I learnt, further, that on October 6 Major Barttelot and Troup had set out for Stanley Falls in order to see Tippoo Tib, and to come to some understanding with regard to the promised porters. They had had an interview with the Arab chief on October 24, when he had told them—as he had already sent word—that he expected to get the porters at Kasongo. Kasongo, however, was a month's journey away, and so they would not reach there before they could arrive. When the porters Barttelot and Troup had

were thus when troubles upon us in connection with the Arabs, by whom we were now nearly surrounded. An Arab camp had been established at the rear of our own, and friendly relations were very soon

between these wanderers of the desert. All was very much against our wish, and boded very badly for us. The free, unrestrained and the Arabs stood in marked contrast to the discipline and methodical procedure we found absolutely necessary to maintain, and a sense of grievance naturally took possession of our men. The Arabs dilated on the freedom of their roving life, and the spoils which awaited their marauding expeditions, while we poured forth the tale of our sufferings and their servitude. Discontent, of course, ensued; but, more than this, the stories which our men told of discipline and difficulty, obtained wide circulation through the Arabs, and undoubtedly acted as a strong deterrent to getting the porters whom we so anxiously waited and watched. Hating control and discipline of every kind, the Manyema temperament was just the one to be affected by stories such as our men set about, and to render service with us in every possible way.

A further difficulty arose with these Arabs in connection with our food-supply. Previous to their arrival we had experienced no difficulty whatever in obtaining grain and other articles of food from the surrounding natives, but on their advent they diverted the supply into their own camp. This was really a very serious matter, and the result was a hundredfold by which we were left as to keep on friendly terms

did  
become that on November 15 I received the following letter of instructions from Major Barttelot:—

'Camp, Yambaya Village: November 15,

'Sir,—You proceed to Singatini purpose interviewing Tippoo Tib on the following subject—viz. prevention of natives selling fish, &c., to me by his men stationed here, though I have requested them to abstain from it. You will explain to Tippoo the nature of the case, and ask him if the men cannot be sent farther away from our camp, with orders not to interfere with the trade between me and the natives, or else send a responsible man as munapara, with distinct orders not to interfere, nor allow any one to interfere, between my men and the natives, or to tamper with the natives selling direct to us. The munapara here at present, Majuto by name, has done all in his power to annoy me in this respect, though remonstrated with on several previous occasions. I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

'EDMUND M. BARTTELOT, Major,  
'Commanding Yambaya Camp.'

The following is the record in my diary of the journey I then undertook:—

*Saturday, November 19.*—Started again with Ferahani and six Zanzibaris, to palaver about Majuto. Slept at the village of the Yewako group, where Jameson and I camped in

August. (I am in very poor condition, and my journey.)

20.—Pouring wet day; much swollen, legs stiff and very cold, tramping waist deep in swamps and up river beds; slept wet in the forest.

November 21.—Feet legs swollen and painful, road and swampy, river high from previous day's rain. Arrived in Yalisula at 2 P.M. Had to wait the following morning for canoe, a big engrossed the people's attention.

November 22.—Away from Yalisula at 5.30 A.M. At Kata-Muri cleaned out, jumping in the water and leaving us to get ashore as best we could. Arrived Abdallah's village at 4 P.M. to by moonlight, but could not.

November 23.—Away at 6 A.M. with of the most unmitigated scoundrels canoe-men I've yet seen. Had great trouble in procuring fresh relays of men, and had to bribe the last lot with ten to take me on by moonlight. Caught in very heavy thunderstorm, got into Stanley Falls at midnight with everything drenched.

November 24.—Had an audience with the chief Arabs. Tippoo left five days for Kasongo. Selim Mohammed palaver that bin Mohammed will Yambuya himself.

November 25.—Breakfasted with splendid spread in the seraglio.

26.—After delay we got away from the Falls about midday. Bwana Nzige gave me a curry, a fine large Kasongo goat, a

bag of rice, some ghee and coffee for my return journey. We arrived at Abdallah's camp

*Sunday, November 27.*—Natives at Abdallah's village had struck, and at 8 o'clock they; Abdallah himself and four Wang-paddling two. Arrived Yalisula P.M., very scorching hot day.

*November 28.*—Away from Yalisula about 6.30. Delayed by heavy rains which, however, kept day. Camped in the dripping, cold forest without fire.

*November 29.*—Away at daybreak. Had a bad night's rest—ants ate me until I was covered with blotches and felt scalded all over. No breakfast. The fellow who had charge of my fine Kassongo goat, lost it in a swamp, and in looking for it we all got lost together, and thus wasted about four hours. Got to Dina at sundown. Feet very sore, and stiff all day. Natives brought me three large calabashes of palm-wine. I drank the potent palm-wine with much relish.

*November 30.*—Had a good meal of roasted corn and rice, and started off briskly. Got into a herd of elephants at midday, and spent some time observing a roguish female sporting in the stream, within twenty yards from where I was concealed. I was furious at my gun-bearers being behind. At 5 P.M., after a good twenty-five tramp. On the bank of the water and sand.

I arrived back in camp to find all my comrades, like myself, suffering from Rheumatism,

fever, ■■■ biliousness ■■■ the order of the day amongst ■■■ white men, while the poor fellows under ■■■ ■■■■ growing weaker and weaker, and dropping ■■■ day by day. By December 5 there ■■■■ thirty-one deaths amongst the blacks. ■■■■ morning ■■ miserable sight ■■■■ ■■■ eyes ■■ crowding round Bonny's hut, their number growing with each day, ■■■■ of suffering Zanzibaris and Soudanese sought relief and medicine, from the scanty ■■■■ he ■■■■ ■■ his disposal. The wet weather, the wretched food, and the weary, miserable existence ■■■ were forced to lead ■■■■ telling on ■■ all, but with most deadly effect on the poor creatures, whose uncared-for ■■■■ broke into festering sores of the most painful character.

## CHAPTER II

DRIFTING on in this wretched fashion, we had reached the concluding week of the year, and Christmas Day with all its much happiness and comfort so proverbially associated. Little happiness and comfort was ours, away in that wretched camp by the Aruwimi; but for a brief spell our spirits mounted superior to all our sorrows and sufferings, and we revelled in something of the bright joyousness of the Christmas time. Jameson and I sat up till the small hours engaged in what Troup called 'a joint conspiracy' to provide the time-honoured Christmas cards for the party.

Our Christmas proved one of the bright spots in the history of that dark and dreary time. Dull weather was for the time forgotten; late suffering and sickness pushed back, for the nonce, into the forgetfulness of the past. The dainty fare of all our scanty stores were produced. Each of us contributed something to the general comfort, and all combined to make the day of special comfort and happiness. We were in a rare degree, and with song, joke, and story filled all the pleasant hours. Our people, too,

had a holiday, and, that they might not be left out of our rejoicing, each received a Christmas-box in shape of brass rods (currency of the country). How we laughed and chatted and joked! We were boys again, with all the fun and banter of our youthful days. Nothing so insignificant so mirth. Even the very newspapers which we had become possessed of through store packages were pressed into service. What a feast for imagination and suggestion the columns supplied us with! Here it was a man who wanted a situation, there a widow seeking another partner in her life's journey. Now an agony column notice, and again a quack-medicine vendor's advertisement of his life-saving elixir. That maid! What sort of a young woman was she? Was she light or dark, short or tall? Had she blue eyes or brown? If we were engaging a maid, what sort of a young woman would we select? And that widow! What sort of an old party was she? Why old? She might be young and pretty, with a dash for the adventurous. Would she have suited any of us? Whom could she select? Would it be Troup? Which of us? No need for old Jameson to strike in; he was booked already. How we joked and laughed each other. It seems so very ridiculous now, but it was so intensely funny then. And the agony column! Poor Regie! Was he still waiting outside St. James's



Thank Reggie for the faithless Lil? What a wealth of love was his! Was it, though? The young man seemed to be pretty well up in phrasing his messages. There was the suggestion of an old story about literary workmanship. How often had he written rid the agony column to another Lil before? Faithless Reggie! And Lil? Did she frequently use the St. James's Park Station as a meeting-place? What a funny lot of lovers these people in civilised places were! Oh! for that life-saving elixir! Wouldn't Bonny give the old gentleman a good order for it if he could! How useful it would be! How many weeks of illness would it have saved him from? Ah, these sick days of ours! But we must not talk of them. To-day all this must be forgotten. Let me not bother further with the ills of life. They will be with me again all too soon. To-day let me eat, drink, and be merry, for we know not what to-morrow may bring. Let me ask Bonny for a song.

The hours pass on, and with their wings they carry us the night. The day has closed, its light has fled, and now a silvery moonlight streams down upon me. We say 'Good night. God bless you!' and all prepare to turn in. As I stroll down through the camp to my hut, my feelings undergo a change. I feel a help a sensation of sadness stealing over me. But calm! Still everything is! Nothing disturbs me. Only the night and the dull sound of the rushing waters, as they come coursing along from the

glistening rapids ahead. The camp-fires were sicker-  
ing low, the greater number of our men have gone  
indoors, but there are still a few lingering round the  
dying flames. As I pass along their attitudes change  
somewhat, and their dull and weary eyes peer hope-  
lessly into mine. How the dark faces were lined with  
their misery and suffering as the red light flashes  
upon them! What a world of hopelessness and agony  
is in their glance! Death is about. He has marked  
many of them for his own. In too many cases his  
call will be a speedy one. Thirty-nine graves now  
in the little God's Acre and six months gone! Good  
God! will these porters never come? Must all of us  
lie down and rot and die? Poor wretches! if we  
could only help you! But we cannot. May the  
Great Spirit pity and bless us all!

And the year went out.

## CHAPTER XI

THE new year found us still waiting. There was no news of Mr. Stanley, and no porters yet from Tippoo Tib. What were we to do? Every day saw ~~me~~ growing weaker, our numbers growing smaller. ~~Five~~ five months which Mr. Stanley had counted ~~me~~ being away had come and gone. Still there was no news. The loss of the goods in our charge would, according to the letter of June 24, be certain ruin to the Expedition. Our men were ~~unable~~ to carry them. We could not afford ~~to~~ go forward ~~and~~ leave any behind. There was nothing for it, but to wait and hope on still. My ~~own~~ ~~best~~ best tell the tale of our everyday life from this point:—

*Sunday, January 1,* ~~was~~ with a jam pudding of my own manufacture, ~~and~~ a goat. Weather fine and the river very low, ~~the~~ reef of rocks across the river opposite the camp being almost bare.

*Friday, January 6.*—Nasibu, an Arab of Tippoo Tib's, visited us, bringing, as a present, some Stanley Falls rice and a goat. He told us an absurd yarn of

Abdallah having seen Stanley, and he is off to Abdallah's camp to get information.

*Monday, January 9.*—Selim bin Mohammed arrived from the Falls. He says he has heard no news from Tippoo Tib yet, but he expects batches of men for us to arrive from Kassongo in about twenty days. He says they will probably come in companies of fifty or sixty men each, on account of the limited canoe accommodation. This appears strange, for at certain times there have been upwards of five hundred men making the journey together. He says, also, that the Congo is very low, and consequently the men cannot get over the rapids if they are heavily laden. Selim continues collecting shells and painting them. We sketched the second rapids from below the camp a few days ago. I did mine in Indian ink, and produced a fairly soft effect. We are all most awfully sick and tired of this wretched place, and of our scanty fare; none of us are really well. I never spent so many unprofitable months before, and only trust we shall get a sufficient number of men from Tippoo Tib to make a start in February. It seems very strange that we have heard nothing of Stanley, who was here returned November, and who can only account for his prolonged absence by supposing that he has had to go a longer journey from Lake Nyanza than he previously anticipated. If anything has happened to him, it will be a bad look-out for the Expedition, and I do not know how the relief goods, the merchandise and ammunition—700 loads—will ever reach him. There appears to me to be some motive for Tippoo's having delayed providing the 700 men he promised. It is hardly feasible, that

excuse ■ his, about his men having refused to carry our ■ on ■ of ■ weight. His authority certainly ought to ■ any scruples of ■ sort, and, besides, 2,500*lb.* is very good ■ his Man-yema slaves; according to the reports ■ have reached ■ from the men who deserted Stanley ■ be abundance of ivory. There ■ something ■ the bottom of it all, and perhaps before long we ■ know ■ about it.

There ■ forty-one deaths among ■ ■ up ■ date; this, out of about 250 men, in six months, ■ high mortality. There are, besides, about fifty ■ sixty poor wretches, both Zanzibaris and Goudanese, who can scarcely crawl about—perfect skeletons! We can do nothing for them; there is certainly not sufficient medicine of the required kind, and ■ ■ give them ■ food but the manioc root, which in their debilitated condition is both highly indigestible and repulsive.

Helim bin Mohammed visited ■ this morning ■ talked ■ matters relating to Tippoo Tib's men. He also told ■ of two more deserters from H. M. S. who ■ will catch in ■ day ■ two, ■ ■ may then get ■ information about Stanley's movements and about ■ country.

*Tuesday, January 10.*—The ordinary daily routine ■ life in ■ camp ■ ■ follows (I quote ■ ■ diary):—

'First drum sounds at daylight ■ the ■ ■ wash, &c. About 6 A.M. the second drum goes, and there ■ general parade, when ■ men are told off ■ building huts, clearing ■ &c. ■ ■ consisting of a cup of tea, plain ■ rice, green

■ mouldiness, ■ plantains ■ about ■ Then the sick men muster ■ Bonny's house and receive a little medicine (strongly diluted) for their ulcerated sores, and until 11.30, when the drum sounds for knock-off work. ■ spend ■ time in various ways. Jameson and ■ generally sketching; Major B. walking up and down; Troup and Bonny smoking, chatting, reading, &c. From 11.30 to 2 P.M. the ■ rest, and ■ lunch—the same bill of fare ■ breakfast. The afternoon is put in in ■ same way ■ the morning, and ■ 5.30 the drum sounds stop work; wash up, dinner ■ 7 P.M.—same bill of fare, boiled rice and fried plantains. Sometimes ■ fortunate enough to get a little fish, and then our spirits rise perceptibly. We take it in ■ to be the orderly officers of the day, to keep order, to ■ the camp cleared up, to visit the sentries, and turn the guard out three times during the night.'

*Wednesday, January 11.*—My birthday.

*Thursday, January 12.*—Jameson and I made water-colour sketches of what is probably ■ new antelope, ■ ■ by ■ Namiba. Afterwards skinned it and ate a portion for dinner; it ■ magnificent.

*Friday, January 13.*—I painted a tree this morning which ■ covered with beautiful crimson flowers. A ■ body ■ down the river, and ■ caught ■ in ■ overhanging branches opposite ■ camp. ■ ■ evidently ■ native, with ■ spear-wound in ■ chest, and was the corpse of a fine big man. Bonny sick.

*Saturday, January 14.*—I ■ busy all day on ■ comic drawing of some of the E. P. ■ Expedition.

This afternoon another dead body was caught up in the branches of a tree opposite the camp. This one, a native woman, with her throat cut from ear to ear. She must have been in the water some time, as her skin was white, and in many places washed away. The face bore a horrible expression, the lower jaw quite bare, and nose and eyes quite gone; ghastly was the whole concern. This makes about seven dead bodies that have been swept into the branches of this tree since I came here, August 14.

I received by an Arab from Rachid (the head Arab who burnt the Falls Station) a fine present of three knives and four spears. One of the knives is quite the finest I have ever seen, and one of the spears is also new to me. I am awfully pleased with the present, and also that he has kept his promise so well, Arabs' promises are, as a rule, like pie-crust. I gave old Jameson one of the knives and one of the spears. Jameson is an awfully good fellow, energetic, amusing, very clever in many ways, and has exceedingly good health. He is one of the best fellows I ever met, or am likely to meet. His kind attention to me during my attack of dysentery probably saved my life. I shall always remember that.

Sunday, January 15.—I finished my comic drawing to-day, and it was much laughed at. I got Assad Farran to transcribe into Arabic a letter to Rachid, thanking him for his present. Killed a goat to-day, so we are in good spirits. By Jove! what a relief it will be when we get orders to move from this wearisome camp! I have been here now five months—a long time to be stuck idle in a place. I drew my big knife to-day.

*Monday, January 16.*—Selim bin Mohammed called on me this morning. He told me in course of conversation that the Manyema they use as soldiers are virtually their slaves, and only receive pay when they can obtain ivory; they then receive a third part. The people at Tabora only count in sevens. The belief in the transmigration of souls is common with many tribes here and further to the eastward. He says that on more than one occasion he has seen natives in these parts apparently recognise in a Manyema man a former companion, and rush about, shouting, crying, making great display of joy. The natives around here have said to Selim that, when they first saw the Arabs with their guns, they decided among themselves that they were from some other world, and in connection with the elements, as their guns, belching fire, resembled lightning, and the report that followed reminded them of thunder. Upon inquiring as to the future successor of Tippoo Tib, Selim replied that his son 'Sefo,' who is now chief of Kassongo, will inherit the sole authority. There will probably be no disagreement among the other Arabs, as 'Sefo' has been initiated into the slaving business, and is popular. Tippoo Tib invests most of his profits in land and houses in Zanzibar, and also lends large amounts of guns and goods upon interest to responsible persons, and in order to retain authority over them. Not well to-day; something wrong with my liver, I suppose.

*Tuesday, January 17.*—Went out this morning to botanise. We made a collection of their leaves. They may be the



hottest season in these parts; 80 and 90 in the shade is common, whilst in the sun the glass indicated 136, and we took it in for fear of its bursting, as ■ is only fixed to register 145.

*Wednesday, January 18.*—Finished very rough sketch. ■■■■■ interview with ■■■■■ when taking his bath. Very hot and muggy; looks like a storm to-night.

*Thursday, January 19.*—Made rough water-colour ■■■■■ 'Omari,' one of our table ■■■■■. Un- ■■■■■ Jameson drawing ■■■■■ and ■■■■■ awfully curious caterpillar.

*Friday, January 20.*—Very heavy ■■■■■ last night; rain blew into my house and wet all my traps. Rained more or less all day, and men were not ■■■■■ to. Made pencil drawing of Abu ■■■■■. More deaths. There are now forty-five of our men laid in the graveyard. We arrived in this camp on August 14, and there were then only eight men dead, so that there have been thirty-four deaths since then out of about 240 men, Zansibaris and Soudanese. Selim bin Mohammed, who has always been most pleasant ■■■■■ agreeable, is ■■■■■ beginning ■■■■■ touchy. Evidently we shall never get the 700 men Tippoo Tib promised us.

*January 23, 8.30 p.m.*—It is raining and blowing like a hurricane. ■■■■■ part of the north wall of my house came down just now with a crash. Earth gave way, lot of things swimming about; but shall have ■■■■■ till morning. ■■■■■ the worst storm I have seen up here.

*Tuesday, January 24.*—The ■■■■■ nearly all night, and made my traps in a deplorable state-

## STANLEY'S REAR GUARD

Grass houses are not able to [redacted] bad storms. It seems curious that [redacted] only three Zanzibaris I have [redacted] [redacted] have died, one [redacted] [redacted] other, in rapid [redacted] I [redacted] up to [redacted] bin [redacted] [redacted] this morning [redacted] [redacted] a long chat [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] one of his slaves (a [redacted] who [redacted] only recently arrived from Zanzibar), [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] Bey's province, since Dr. Junker left, by way of Uganda and Nyoro. [redacted] man had often seen [redacted] Bey, and [redacted] the two [redacted] launches, which are on the Upper Nile. He told us that the country [redacted] fairly open, and that to get [redacted] Emin's province it [redacted] necessary to cross a high range [redacted] mountains (these [redacted] Grant's Blue Mountains). He also stated that the people of the south side of the Albert Nyanza Lake [redacted] exceedingly warlike; [redacted] only weapons, however, are a large knife and shield; [redacted] they fight bravely, and [redacted] very cunning in their mode of attack. [redacted] answer to a query of mine, as [redacted] [redacted] Selim really thought about Mr. Stanley's prolonged absence—its [redacted] in fact—he replied that, by what the deserters [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] of Stanley's refusing to allow them to gather manioc root and collect food from the villages, the men were consequently in a state of semi-starvation, and very dissatisfied; [redacted] they were driven along by blows and that large numbers of the 400 men Stanley took with him had [redacted] (We know positively of about thirty.) Selim then continued that, as this was [redacted] every probability true, Stanley [redacted] [redacted] weakened, and unable to keep off any large body of [redacted] natives, especially such [redacted] as [redacted] he will [redacted] [redacted] Selim said that, considering

all this, he himself thinks that Stanley must be in trouble; hence the delay and [redacted] of tidings. Tippoo Tib has Arab slavers stationed right into the borders of Emin's province, but there has never [redacted] been [redacted] communication across from [redacted] Lake District, where they are, to the Falls, although [redacted] but 400 miles or [redacted]. They prefer going [redacted] through Uganda, as the journey to [redacted] East [redacted] is much shorter [redacted] way. [redacted] Pasha [redacted] long been known [redacted] the Arabs as 'Abdul Emeen.' [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] large quantities of ivory, but [redacted] distributed [redacted] his [redacted] stations. [redacted] has his largest [redacted] [redacted] island, which [redacted] [redacted] river Nile on one side and the open water of the Albert Lake [redacted] the other. There [redacted] three kings up there who [redacted] very powerful [redacted] likely to [redacted] Stanley trouble, as [redacted] must necessarily pass through one of the territories before he can reach Emin Pasha.

At Luemba, [redacted] Karema, it [redacted] a common punish- [redacted] to amputate one hand and [redacted] an eye. Generally [redacted] [redacted] inflicted upon thieves, [redacted] [redacted] is no hard-and-fast rule [redacted] it. Selim [redacted] came down and told Jameson and myself some interesting things about justice in [redacted] [redacted] that, [redacted] there [redacted] 1,000 dollars in dispute, and the case was taken before the head judge, 'Mohammed [redacted] Selim,' there would perhaps [redacted] 100 dollars awarded to both sides, and the remainder was appropriated. Zanzibar is a [redacted] country, evidently, for the rich man, as any poor man who seeks justice for wages, assault, &c., is cast into prison, instead [redacted] being recompensed [redacted] [redacted] injuries.

Nasaro bin Sudi, who is now at the Falls, was

unfortunate enough to lose most of his property a little time ago. It appears that he had a namesake, a Manyema, who was killed in a fight. The news reached Zanzibar of the death of Nasaro and Sudi, and his relatives immediately divided up his property. After, a letter was received by these from the supposed deceased, who stated his intention of shortly returning to Zanzibar, which he did, and found his property divided up and most of the money spent. They must have been very poor indeed. Major Barttelot entertains the plan of going to Stanley's relief with as many of Tippoo Tib's men as he can muster, when Tippoo returns from Kassongo. He is due about the 5th of next month. It then turned into a beautiful night, the moon giving an extraordinary brightness.

*Wednesday, January 25.*—Another poor fellow dead (forty-seven). Very hot day; the glass registered 90 in Jameson's house, and that a decidedly warm place in the camp. Went out sketching, but found it very great. Bright moonlight night.

*Thursday, January 26.*—Very cloudy, but rained some in the morning. Sketching a portion of the corner of our enclosure of the camp—just a corner, showing Jameson's house and my tent (pen and ink).

*Friday, January 27.*—This morning at daybreak Selim bin Mohammed's men attacked a village about a mile from camp down the river on the left side. They killed four natives, including the chief, and then they came off and brought in as a trophy; twenty-seven captives, two youths, and two good canoes. I made my pen-and-ink drawing of

a corner of our camp. It was a cloudy day, and rained a little in the morning. Feeling more like myself to-day. [redacted] are in a very [redacted] state, [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] the river in [redacted] [redacted].

*Saturday, January 28.*—Beautiful day. [redacted] a drawing of [redacted] of [redacted] band, a Manyema man and his drum; good portrait, and [redacted]. I [redacted] drawing Ali [redacted] Mohammed, [redacted] Persian, to-morrow, [redacted] he posed this evening when lamenting his [redacted] luck in being here with no [redacted] [redacted] roots and grass, and no covering but [redacted] [redacted] thin loin-cloth.

Poor fellow, I somehow have taken quite a liking to him. He [redacted] to me [redacted] evening, [redacted] eyes turned upwards and his left hand raised to the sky, the other on his breast, 'O nchi angu Teheran!' meaning, 'Oh, Teheran, my country!' [redacted] reminded me of a picture in [redacted] old 'Illustrated News' of Irving in 'Faust' on the Brocken. Ali has been a soldier in [redacted] service of Sultan Bargash of Zanzibar. He's drooping, [redacted] chap, [redacted] ribs are becoming [redacted]. Another death this evening—a [redacted] soldier. Forty-eight graves [redacted]. The Arabs [redacted] the camp above [redacted] (about ten miles above [redacted] rapids) [redacted] [redacted] a village a few days ago; killed [redacted] men, and [redacted] twenty-nine [redacted] slaves. The natives from [redacted] other [redacted] of the river who killed four of [redacted] [redacted] Mohammed's men in the night [redacted] [redacted] ago, and went off with nine guns, came back with [redacted] [redacted] to-day, after being threatened. I expect Selim will send some men across the river and slaughter [redacted] if they [redacted] not produce [redacted] remaining six guns. Poor devils! it seems hard luck. [redacted]

they were driven from their village, where our camp now stands, and then, after making a little settlement on the other side, they must have had at least thirty men killed when the Arabs attacked them, losing a large number of men and having to pay a considerable sum of ivory.

Tuesday, January 31.—Very hot day: in the sun. Nothing. I had a chat with the bin this morning about cannibals. He had frequently seen the natives to kill and eat in these parts (some of the men accompanied Jameson and me on our journey to the Falls) kill a slave, cut it up, and eat the flesh in front of him.

Selim is quite a linguist. He speaks Swahili, Arabic, Hindoutani, Malagasy (Madagascar), about six different native dialects, or rather languages, which are in use between the east coast of Mombassa and this part of the country. His men, who are of various tribes, speak their own languages to each other, although, of course, they all speak Swahili fluently, and grammatically. He is between Kasongo and the east of Lake Tanganyika, the native who form Tippoo's large caravans carry human flesh with them. They divide the slaves they catch en route. Tippoo Tib takes one half, and the carriers the other portion, whom they kill and eat. Now we are through this month, and still no news. I am still very anxious to know the cause of the delay in Stanley's return. He is not a man to be delayed much for strong reasons, and he was waiting for Emin to come. The people, surely he would send a messenger

to us, as he does not know whether we are on the road with the loads or not. If Emin elects to come away, he will not require the loads of merchandise, and it is only natural that we should hear some news by messengers. Perhaps a party of men have been sent down to us, and have been killed on the road. That seems the only conclusion we can form. This is the sixteenth day of this moon, and Tippoo Tib is due at the Falls from Kassongo in about fifteen or twenty days more. I wonder if he will bring us our 700 men. I doubt it. If he does not we are properly in a fix, and God only knows how we shall ever move out of here with upwards of 700 loads and only about sixty men able to carry out of 250. [Jameson's donkey died to-day of general decline; this is the second donkey dead from decline.] We heard that of the six donkeys Stanley took with him, only two were alive. It is almost impossible for men to travel these dense forest tracks; they have to crawl in many places, pushing their loads ahead of them. Then there are many deep rivers and swamps. We also heard that Stanley found no native paths to follow, and had to cut his way through the dense undergrowth. The scrub is so dense that it is almost dark in the bush, cold and clammy, slippery; soil generally about a foot or six inches deep, and drip, drip, constantly from the tall trees overhead, and a foul, poisonous atmosphere from dead leaves and other decaying vegetation.

*Thursday, February 2.*—It was very cold last night; the glass was down to 67°, and at midday it registered 135° in the sun. We hear that ten canoe loads of men have arrived at the Falls from

Kasongo, and that they are being sent to a place called Lomami to settle some little unpleasantness which [redacted] between [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] Selim has a letter to say that Tippoo Tib has written him from Kasongo, but that the letter will be sent to him by-and-bye.

I made an outline drawing of a knife Jameson bought [redacted] an empty powder-flesk, a [redacted] days ago. [redacted] is a strange-looking affair with points on both sides, and is used as a boomerang I think. [redacted] any rate, a Soudanese sergrant says he has seen the same kind of a thing used as a throwing knife by some remote tribes in the Soudan. [redacted] is very cold again this evening, and heavy dew falling. We were quite cheery, walking up and down outside the fort after dinner, until about 11.15 P.M. [redacted] sang [redacted] the snatches of songs we remembered, and the choruses echoed across the river against the roar of the opposite rapids. Had a long chat with John Henry, one of our Zanzibaris, who was out on the Congo in the State service. I dotted down a few useful sentences in Swahili, in which language I am making rapid progress. He also told me much of Zanzibar life, and of his former experiences when in the mission under Bishop Steere, [redacted] took him to England when a boy. He is the only man who speaks English well among the Zanzibaris here.

*Friday, February 3.*—I spent most of the day [redacted] Kiswahili language. [redacted] natives from [redacted] village that Selim bin Mohammed raided a few days ago visited the fort during lunch-time, and came into the mess-house to see the white men, whom they had heard of but never before seen. Among them



was the brother of the chief who was killed. He is a very shifty-looking chap, big, powerful, and scowling. They asked if we were all born of one mother, and upon being told we were (for fun), they elevated their eyebrows, looked at one another, and covered their open mouths with their hands. They had come to see the Arabs about redeeming their women, who were taken slaves, for ivory. The Arabs are chanting their melancholy war-song to-night, as I write, preparatory to crossing the river before the moon rises. They are going to attack, destroy the village, kill many of N'Gunga's people they can at early dawn. Some natives have taken their quarters upon the biggest rocks in the rapids. This arrangement of the Arabs is on account of the murder of their two men a few weeks ago. N'Gunga! I shall be sorry if he is killed, for I never saw a finer type of savage—powerfully built, full of pluck, and a decided air of command about him. He would make a very good study for a tale, and I intend making ample notes of his vicissitudes since the Arabs first attacked him on August 16, 1887.

We hear that Tippoo Tib will be here in about twenty days with a large number of men, and that his uncle is at Wadelai, in Emin Bey's province. More of this anon.

*Saturday, February 4.*—Jameson's anniversary of his marriage: we were not able much in celebration line, unfortunately. The Arabs started firing at early dawn this morning, and then set the village on fire. It was a striking sight to see it burning. The poor natives in hundreds took to their canoes, and made for up-stream, but

they are being slaughtered there by the Arabs, who inhabit an [redacted] of [redacted] impassable rapids. Plenty of dead bodies to-day [redacted] the fish in [redacted] Aruwimi. Arabs also raided six fine [redacted] Bugari, a [redacted] soldier, who entered my [redacted] at midnight some two or three months ago and stole some goat meat, and who was flogged with lashes with a chicotte, and who has had to patrol daily in [redacted] in heavy chains ever since, for punishment, has evidently grown tired of his duty, and [redacted] [redacted] evening with [redacted] guard's [redacted] twelve rounds [redacted] ammunition. [redacted] is a very [redacted] scoundrel, and I should not be surprised [redacted] he has concealed himself near by in the forest, so [redacted] to have a shot at one of us as we walk [redacted] and down in the evening after dinner outside the fort. A search party has just started, 10 P.M.

*Sunday, February 5.*—This morning [redacted] of the Arab raiders came down from up-river, with news of a defeat and ten of their number [redacted] to pieces by the natives, who sought refuge [redacted] their canoes above the rapids. [redacted] and his men started, some by the [redacted] in canoes, to continue [redacted] bloody work up [redacted] river. They returned [redacted] evening, having only [redacted] two natives. Very hot to-day. [redacted] news of [redacted] escaped prisoner Bugari, although search parties have been out.

*Monday, February 6.*—Went up to see [redacted] and to hear of [redacted] adventures yesterday. He told me [redacted] the [redacted] natives, perhaps 200, [redacted] passed down the river under cover [redacted] darkness the previous night, and he only found three canoes with natives: he shot two and wounded more.

Upon reaching the place where ten of his men had been cut to pieces the preceding day, he found their fingers tied in strings to the scrub on the river bank, and some cooking pots containing portions of their limbs and bones, which they had had to abandon when they ran the gauntlet down the river. They must have had a big feed off the stout Manyema men!

Made a drawing of the burning of N'Gunga's village. Jameson painted a snake and an eel. Major and Jameson will probably go up to the Falls on Saturday to see Tippoo Tib, who have returned from Kasongo. Stanley surely have a defeat, or we should have heard from him. If they are all cut up, as we cannot help concluding, it will be a bad business, and we must go up 1,000 strong, as the natives, whoever they are, who have beaten them must be warlike and strong, and after their success they will probably be very keep becomes a serious day, God only knows how manage. 139° in the sun and 91° at sundown in the shade.

*Tuesday, February 7.*—This morning a thunderstorm came on, midday; the afternoon evening remaining dull cloudy. The temperature was very low. My grass miserably, I have damp blankets to-night. We had a serious delay of Stanley's, and are much of an opinion that he has been off, if not worse. hear a rumour that Tippoo Tib has returned from Kasongo, and has gone down to Rachid's, Lomami River, to

fight some big tribe. This river is now awfully low, the rocks in the rapids being quite bare. Too miserable to look to-day.

Wednesday, February 8.—I am orderly officer to-day. An empty cartridge-box was picked up on the river to-day; it was much broken and sodden. It must have been floating down the river for a very long distance. Selim Mohammed told me this morning that Bugari, the escaped prisoner, had seen him, preparatory to escaping, that he was not worth living, marching up and down in the sun all day, and that he knew he would be shot when caught, and that he was shooting himself before he would be captured. Miserably cold day. Another poor fellow dead. (Fifty-one graves). There are about thirty men who are simply skin and bones, unable to walk, and to the poor dying wretches, their great hollow eyes staring in vacancy, sitting naked on the dusty ground, propped up by their elbows, with drooping heads, gradually dying, is a hard sight. Poor devils! they do not seem to care an iota about death; in fact they seem apparently to look forward to it as a relief to their sufferings. They are nearly all slaves. They have lived hard, worked hard, and now are dying hard—hard indeed. I was working in the Arabic language all the afternoon, and am getting on well.

Thursday, February 9.—An Arab 'Dumba came to me to-day to have his portrait drawn. He was very vain and particular about the folds of his spot-mustache-like hair. He gave me a very curious knife when I was done, and

thanked me with [redacted] compliments. Selim bin Mohammed also came and visited me, and gave me a knife of the same kind. I was again working at the language, translating from a Swahili book of tales and [redacted]. Took [redacted] filthy kind of physic, [redacted] much better to-day. A poor fellow, [redacted] Osmani, a Zanzibari, who [redacted] with me [redacted] Bangala when in the State service, died to-day. [redacted] painful [redacted] are his large hollow eyes following me about, watching wistfully for a piece [redacted] pinch of salt. The poor man was merely a [redacted] bones—a sad sight! (Fifty-three graves.) Temperature 130° in sun, 90° in [redacted]. Bugari Mahommed captured and tried to-day. [redacted] will be shot to-morrow morning.

*Saturday, February 11.*—Very hot and [redacted]; [redacted] in [redacted] Selim bin Mohammed came down and had a long talk with me this morning. He will accompany Major B. and Jameson to the Falls next Tuesday. Translating Kiswahili; not feeling bright. [redacted] has sent a number of people down river to [redacted] N'Gunga's people have sought refuge. They are going to carry on their bloody work.

*Sunday, February 12.*—Was very [redacted] to-day. Nothing of importance occurred. Very sultry; river extremely low.

*Monday, February 13.*—Jameson [redacted] Major B. are busy preparing for their journey to the Falls to-morrow. [redacted] a [redacted] with [redacted] morning. Very sultry; heavy [redacted] in the [redacted]. Another man dead (fifty-four graves).

*Tuesday, February 14.*—Jameson, Major B. and Selim bin Mohammed started about eight o'clock this

morning for the ~~FOR~~. I have ~~now~~ ~~the~~ Jameson's house. Sketched two Zanzibaris. The evening, ~~about~~ six o'clock, ten large canoe-loads of N'Gunga's people ~~went~~ up the river, and returned to their village. I ~~was~~ they are beating their ~~drums~~ (their drums being taken by the ~~Arabs~~ when they destroyed the village). Very ~~hot~~ and cold. Glass 75° ~~at~~ at 12 ~~noon~~. We ~~are~~ very quiet now. Sorry Jameson's gone.

Wednesday, February 15.—Went on ~~to~~ the ~~mouth~~ in the river to sketch the camp, but ~~was~~ disappointed with the view. Natives ~~are~~ in their canoes fishing. 'Kuja,' a Zanzibar, who ~~arrived~~ ~~the~~ days ago, was caught ~~and~~ brought back, and is to be in the guard-house until ~~the~~ ~~Arabs~~ return. His ~~name~~ ~~is~~ that he had ~~no~~ sense!

Thursday, February 16.—Another ~~day~~ ~~at~~ (fifty-five graves). This morning Bonny picked out ten men for ~~the~~ practice; the mark ~~was~~ a big box at 200 yards; ~~50~~ shots and only ~~one~~ ~~man~~ struck. Five of the men ~~did~~ not want to shoot; one had bad eyes, another sore legs, &c., and of the remaining five, only one knew how to hold a gun. It is hard to have to ~~kill~~ ~~the~~ lives of such poor wretches as these, and I should ~~be~~ wonder if ~~we~~ are ~~not~~ in a ~~way~~ with ~~them~~ yet.

Friday, February 17.—Wet day ~~and~~ miserably chilly. Natives fishing under the ~~face~~ ~~of~~ the fort. Everything quiet. They told me last night that two of the Arabs had gone out in ~~the~~ early morning to gather plantain ~~and~~ ~~had~~ ~~not~~ returned, ~~and~~ that it was ~~because~~ they ~~had~~ ~~been~~ caught ~~and~~ ~~sent~~ by ~~the~~

Washensis. Two kids (goats) were born this morning.

*Saturday, February 18.*—Rained during the night, and showery and heavy during the day. These rains appear to be only local, as the river remains very low. I went to Selim's camp this morning for a moment in the afternoon, and they told me that two more of their number had been caught and taken by the natives whom they killed some weeks ago. This will probably make Selim angry, as he went with Barttelot much against his will, and only left a few men and his women.

This eternal waiting is awful; day after day passes; we see the same strange face, we hear the same news; the same daily growing thinner and weaker, except in a few. Poor wretches! they lie out in the sun on the dusty ground, some of them with only a narrow strip of dirty cloth a couple of inches broad. There they lie all the lifelong day, staring at vacancy, perfectly aware that they will die. It was a truly pitiable sight, a few days ago, to see an emaciated man crawl, with the aid of a stick, after a corpse that was being carried on a pole for interment. He staggered along, poor chap, and squatted down alongside the newly-made grave, watching the proceedings with large round sunken eyes, knowing it was only a matter of a few days before he himself would be laid in the sod. He told me in a husky hollow voice, 'Amekwa rafiki' ('He was my friend'). In particular—he is a mere man of bones—persists in doing his work, and every evening he comes into camp. He has been told to lie up,

and [ ] shall be provided for him, but he [ ] said [ ] reply to [ ] expression of sympathy [ ] observing how [ ] he was, 'Only a short time more, Master!' Death [ ] written in plain [ ] on many [ ] in [ ] camp. Almost [ ] many lives will [ ] [ ] philanthropic mission as there are lives [ ] of Emin's people.

*Sunday, February 19.*—To-day [ ] very hot, [ ] sun registering 135° outside; no [ ] of the captured Arabs; they have undoubtedly been eaten. [ ] two Manyema warriors this morning, [ ] a number of beads, &c.

*Monday, February 20.*—Another man dead (fifty-six graves). A man named Juma Mohindi was reported dead by John Henry; but when, however, they went to carry the corpse for interment, having already dug the grave, the supposed dead [ ] alive, and asking for water to be sprinkled [ ] his chest. 'The spirit has [ ] back [ ] that dead man, Master!' said John. 'An hour [ ] he [ ] dead, cold, and [ ] [ ] no sleep [ ] all last night, [ ] have [ ] feeling very unwell to-day. In fact, I have [ ] food. I [ ] very hot and feverish. [ ] Arabs returned from another raid down the river, on [ ] opposite shore. They brought [ ] large tusks, three or four [ ] and five men natives. They [ ] killed [ ] who resisted. They [ ] me [ ] they heard from a wandering [ ] of [ ] [ ] was up a river about sixteen days [ ] here, Ruu, and that [ ] white men buying food, &c., from them. [ ] proof of [ ] yarn they produced some beads they had received in barter.



It was most picturesque to see these ~~men~~ returning from the ~~camp~~, which they had made fast opposite our fort, ~~men~~ marching to their huts in ~~the~~ camp; ~~men~~ carrying ~~the~~ ~~on~~ big ~~spoons~~, earthenware cook-pots, &c., shields, mats, paddles, and ~~various~~ little nick-nacks which they had ~~collected~~ ~~from~~ prisoners were tied together, ~~and~~ ~~with~~ cooking-pots, bark cloth, drums, &c., ~~and~~ ~~the~~ men, naked and bruised, bearing the ~~load~~ of ivory, which, judging ~~from~~ their size, would weigh ~~about~~ 75 ~~or~~ 80 lbs. each. All the captives ~~were~~ naked.

*Tuesday, February 21.*—Last night there ~~was~~ a terrific storm. The lightning followed in such rapid successive flashes as to appear like one big blaze. The thunder crashed ~~over~~ our heads until it became deafening, while the wind howled through the camp, playing havoc with the ~~green~~ roofs of the huts. It actually blew down ~~an~~ enormous ~~tree~~ just at ~~the~~ back of ~~the~~ camp. I fared badly, ~~as~~ usual, ~~and~~ had to ~~go~~ ~~up~~ and put my waterproof sheet over my mosquito curtain, ~~or~~ otherwise I should have been washed out. Everything soaked. Dull until twelve noon, and sunny afternoon; bright ~~until~~ ~~7~~ ~~PM~~. Now ~~is~~ ~~the~~ cloudy and thundering. The men who carried Barttelot's ~~and~~ Jameson's ~~huts~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ returned to-day. They report ~~that~~ Tippoo ~~has~~ ~~expected~~ ~~about~~ ~~the~~ Kasongo ~~in~~ ~~three~~ days ~~with~~ 1,000 men. Feeling very unwell to-day, and have taken ~~some~~ complicated ~~phrases~~ ~~with~~ unintelligible Latin abbreviations, ~~which~~ Bonny ~~thinks~~ me will put some organ in activity, cause an overflow, and, in

fact, internal improved system.

*Wednesday, February 22*—Feeling much better evening, the medicine having wrought wonders. John Henry found in lying, underhand proceeding this morning cleared out. Heri after him and brought him back. He tied in the guard-house, and have fifty to-morrow morning. Made two successful drawings of a Manyema Aruwimi woman's head. A very night, no sleep, and vomited. I told, up in Selim's camp, that there were 150 on their way here in connection with carrying loads; I only hope it true.

*Thursday, February 23*.—Sheik Nassibu to-day; I sketched Majnta, Jamson's boy. Feeling more myself again. Heavy thunder-storm. Heard from returned Arabs, who came back to-day with a few trophies and women, the natives of a tribe named 'Bessangata,' three days' journey down the river on the other bank, had white men before mentioned being on the Rus River, building a camp. Nassibu me that two of his people had been caught and eaten by the natives near Yambau. promised to send me pumpkins from his camp; very to-night; glass down to sixty-four.

*Friday, February 24*.—Another (fifty-eight). Drew two of our sick. At a number of Manyemas arrived, and they the remainder [about 150] will They are a wild-looking crowd, and seem to be much

in us white men ; most of them have never before seen any whites. Great drumming, singing, &c. Am feverish to-night. There are lots of native slavewomen with the Manyema.

*Saturday, February 25.*—Particularly hot day ; 91° in shade, 132° in the sun. Manyema in to-day, drumming, singing, firing, &c.

Sheik and five Arabs came this morning. A drawing of Hadi bin Nassib, a typical Arab, who was one of my visitors ; also of a Manyema making grass-cloth (showing the hand-loom process). They were much interested with my sketches. Sketched a peculiar carved bowl which Bonny bought from the Manyema. Feverish again this evening. I am in a deplorably bad way for clothes ; my things are shrunken and torn and cobbled until I can scarcely wear them. God only knows how I shall appear when this expedition is at an end, and we arrive once more in civilisation—no boots, a certainty.

*Sunday, February 26.*—I went this morning to the Falls, which is situated about one hour's march from here on the Falls' path. I received much ceremony, &c., and at my request drummed to the natives who were in two clearings at the back of the Falls. A number came, and through the usual demonstrations of surprise at seeing a white man. Among them I noticed some young women, with pleasing countenances, beautifully-moulded limbs, with a bunch of grass string tied through the numerous holes in the outer edge of their ears. They would be fine models for a sculptor. I made a sketch,

but had difficulty making him still even a minute. I five heads altogether, very strong there no shelter, so, I my eyes beginning to ache, I closed my book. They I casting a spell them, by looking up so constantly when drawing, and that models would die. I showed them a water-colour sketch of an antelope, which caused much interest, about a hundred a hundred and fifty of them crowding around to see it; and a water-colour sketch of a king-hunter. This them immensely, they said to each other, 'Neguenguengua' [i.e., kingfisher]. They admired the snake tattooed on my arm, much interested with my hair, and the hair my chest. I returned, bidding 'Kwa heri' to Hadi bin Nassib in passing. They a big piece of antelope meat, dried. I had only just arrived in camp when rain down in torrents, with the usual accompaniment of thunder lightning. Troup and Bonny are at loggerheads something, and are enjoying an wrangle as I write (9 P.M.) out a promenade. Muini Chandi gave a piece of native cloth.

*Monday, February 27.*—This morning Arab of Nassibu's and me, Hadi bin Nassib, 'Salaam, a pocket-knife. I him that I had only one, but sent him a pair trade scissors which I could never make cut. gay and man away for a time. Fall to-night shining very brightly, quite sufficiently light to shoot game. Troup and

Bonny maintain a frigid air of indifference. No natives [redacted] the other [redacted].

*Tuesday, February 28.*—Nassibu [redacted] Hadi bin [redacted] and visited me [redacted] morning, and chatted [redacted] cannibals and their affairs. They told me that the friendly tribes who live around [redacted] [redacted] generally accompany them upon [redacted] raiding excursions, and appropriate all the dead and wounded, [redacted] they [redacted] up and divide, drying [redacted] greater portion for future use. They said they had seen heaps of human flesh three [redacted] high, [redacted] up [redacted] joints. Commenced reading Stanley's 'Through [redacted] Dark Continent,' which Jameson lent [redacted] Jephson's kit. Very much absorbed, especially [redacted] we [redacted] probably follow the [redacted] line of country [redacted] day.

*Wednesday, February 29.*—Hard at Stanley's book. Selim bin Mohammed returned this afternoon from the Falls; letter from Major Barttelot that Tippoo [redacted] not yet returned, and that we [redacted] probably [redacted] difficulty in obtaining 300 fighting men in addition [redacted] the load-carriers.

[redacted] 1.—Selim came down and saw [redacted] morning; said [redacted] had found a better road from Yalisula. [redacted] news, and he [redacted] bring me [redacted] things [redacted] promised; said the cloth [redacted] too dear, &c. . . . [redacted] Stanley's book; find it [redacted] and [redacted] interesting as I proceed. Selim seems very [redacted] his journey; says Tippoo Tib [redacted] bringing 1,000 men for [redacted] that there are 300 here [redacted] already.

*Friday, [redacted] 2.*—To add to [redacted] present misery, we now find fourteen cases of small-pox among

Manyema, just Kassongo. the first day of it, God only knows things go if the epidemic spreads. Our half of whom suffering from eczema starvation, will just off like sheep, little chance of using Tippoo Tib's 1,000 when they do come, for they all a casual lot, that no precautions are taken prevent spread of the infection. Selim seems very up and sad about it. There is a storm hanging about. Still at H. M. S.'s 'Through Continent.'

Saturday, March 3.—No small-pox (ndui) have out. One of Selim's head Arabs, Majuta, is below with twenty tusks of ivory. They they will bring us back the two men who deserted from Stanley some months ago; they were sick and unable to travel, they would have returned them before. This awful delay of news from Stanley bodes misfortune, and are all pelled conclude that has met with trouble, is in difficulties, if not worse. Finished the book, have appreciated the wonderful work plished by a brave determined man, especially I have three and a years' experience among people who savagely fought him, a portion country through which he pluckily pushed way. There a man here, Zanzibari, with him when he Livingstone, when he crossed the Continent. I intend to draw his portrait take down the tion. I hope to get an interesting batch of notes.

Sunday, March 4.—Drew Manyema

bowl carved in the back of some legendary animal,  
 leopard or elephant. Uledi  
 Pangana, took notes of a conversation with him  
 about his journey with Stanley in search of Living-  
 stone, his death, and the carrying of his corpse to  
 the coast; of his journey with Stanley 'through  
 the Continent,' and also his subsequent ex-  
 periences on the Congo when he returned to  
 Stanley in the first days of the founding of the  
 State. Also his journeys to Uganda; his journeys  
 in Tanganyika, and also his trip with Captain Carter  
 elephant catching. This chap travelled in  
 Africa as much, if not more, than any other man  
 that I, at least, have ever heard of. Rained in the  
 night. An Arab got into the fort last night.

*Monday, March 5.*—Nasaro bin Sayf, with a large  
 number of slaves, roped together, and five or  
 six hundred pounds' worth of ivory, came down from  
 Abdallah's further camp, seventeen days up this river.  
 He brought back a Remington rifle which was found  
 by him in a native house when raiding a village;  
 it must have belonged to a deserter from Stanley,  
 who was caught and killed by the natives, who confess  
 having captured and killed five of ours who were  
 trying to go down the river in canoes. The two  
 who escaped were taken by Nasaro and kept, because  
 of their ulcerated legs; they were not fit to travel.  
 They say that they saw Stanley going up-river  
 five months, and that they then came to very  
 large rocks in the river, and the villages, which had  
 hitherto been comparatively small, were there very  
 large, more populous than Basoko; that Stanley  
 found there who had been with him.

direction to raid for ivory; that from there H. M. [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] pieces and struck in from the river. It took them about [redacted] month to return from there to [redacted] farther camp. This, curiously enough, [redacted] fairly well with the [redacted] made by the other deserters. Stanley [redacted] [redacted] lots of fights, but no white [redacted] [redacted] been killed.

Tuesday, March 6.—Broiling hot day. 7 A.M.—There [redacted] a great demonstration taking place in [redacted] bin Mohammed's camp. The band, comprising three drummers [redacted] four [redacted] with rattles, ornamented [redacted] [redacted] and elephant [redacted] hairs, [redacted] sitting upon the eighteen tusks of ivory that came in yesterday, and [redacted] chanting their Manyema war-songs. This morning Selim's [redacted] to the number of eighty [redacted] so, [redacted] going to attack [redacted] big village down the river, [redacted] raid it and capture slaves, which in due course of time will be resold for ivory. All the warriors with tufts of feathers [redacted] their heads, streaks of white chalk smeared on their faces and bodies, [redacted] receiving [redacted] and powder for [redacted] coming fray. Great excitement prevails, and many [redacted] [redacted] superstitious words [redacted] to the locks of [redacted] 'Tower' cap-guns. Charms are being adjusted under the arm, [redacted] ammunition belt is hauled tight, and the warriors hurry to [redacted] fro boasting of the brave [redacted] they will perform in the coming struggle [redacted] [redacted] unsuspecting savages, who, however, may [redacted] the tables on a [redacted] of [redacted]. No mercy or quarter is to be expected on either side, for [redacted] savages [redacted] goaded to fury by the sense of injustice, and the Manyemas are [redacted] [redacted] by [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] committed by [redacted] [redacted] upon



their people ■■■■ times, and ■■■■ knowledge that they, ■■■■ unfortunates, were ■■■■ by the very people they are about ■■■■ The Manyemas ■■■■ are cannibals in their own country, ■■■■ here, under the Arabs, they ■■■■ horror ■■■■ eating ■■■■ human flesh. The Arabs have ■■■■ they punish such ■■■■ by summary death, and ■■■■ the ■■■■ have ■■■■ corpses.

10 A.M.—I have just been down seeing the ■■■■ in four large ■■■■ for the ■■■■ of ■■■■ It ■■■■ rather a picturesque ■■■■ ■■■■ wild-looking Manyemas had a piece of white cloth fancifully arranged ■■■■ their heads, and various hues of brown and yellow native-made ■■■■ cloth around their loins ■■■■ tied at the back of the neck. ■■■■ of them, however, ■■■■ nearly naked. They had about twenty Arab flags—i.e. red flag with a white strip ■■■■ the staff—and ■■■■ the ■■■■ drifted down ■■■■ the ■■■■ wooden drum ■■■■ rattled, and the deep voices of the men chanted a kind of pathetic strain. They were chattering and boasting just ■■■■ leaving about the amount of charge they ■■■■ in ■■■■ guns. Some by the ramrod measured ■■■■ hands ■■■■ of powder and slugs, ■■■■ there was a smile of satisfaction ■■■■ their faces as they returned the ■■■■ into their sockets. Fortunate that those old-time ■■■■ of such sterling stuff!

Many of ■■■■ warriors who have ■■■■ yet ■■■■ to the dignity of a gun are armed with bows ■■■■ arrows, which are poisoned in the putrid carcass of some ■■■■ native. I am ■■■■ that ■■■■ every portion of ■■■■ body. Manyemas ■■■■ a raiding expedition, ■■■■ twenty up river

and eighty down the river, in four big canoes. They will be away about five days. I have my only pair of shoes. Stanley wants to be sent up. Am in a ragged condition. The eternal rice fare with occasional bits of dried gunt-meat is absolutely sickening, and the little tea we have is like black coffee only mixed to about one-fifth of its strength a day. This is all we have to drink; the water is fatal, and is what gave me my dysentery.

Wednesday, March 7.—Very hot day; bin Sayf and Selim came down to see my drawings, and I gave them a pair of old top-boots that I could no longer wear. Nasaro leaves to-morrow morning for Stanley Falls. 9 P.M.—A most extraordinary thing in lightning is taking place on the northern bank of the river. Flash follows flash behind big heavy clouds, which are fringed with purple and a warm grey, and a perpetual succession of the lurid lights as they appear to be the bursts of flame from a volcanic range which is high up, many thousand feet, with the clouds in masses all around it. It is lighting all around, more or less, and the thunder rumbles ominously, giving me warning that in the morning we shall probably be deluged with tropical rain. Another man dead—a Soudanese (sixty-one graves).

Thursday, March 8.—Very hot and sultry all day. 1 P.M., then we had a heavy thunderstorm, which lasted until the evening. I went down, and returned with me some interesting things in the morning. He told me that if a white man comes to Stanley Falls to buy ivory, he must pay in cash, and he would not accept anything else.

Saturday, March 10.—Selim spent the morning

with me, and gave me much information about the European nick-nacks that Arabs are most fond of, and about the price that ivory fetches. Our boat has a cap made from the uppers of two Belgian spring-side boots. The Zanzibaris returned at the Falls in February. Jameson probably gone to Kassongo, and may have gone to the Falls. He states that there has been an earthquake up there. His men are giving the natives to-day.

*Sunday, March 11.*—Selim visited me this morning. His men who went up river returned to-day; they had shot three natives. The fellows who went down have not yet come back, but they have taken some women and slaves, and driven a number of natives to their village opposite. He was shooting them to-day with his Martini (the one poor Dubois had when he was drowned) from the bank, but did no injury. The sentinel knocked Fanyimba, Shamba's master, into the trench with his rifle, and I had to pay one axe to square the business. I was able to converse quite fluently in Kiswahili; spend two or three hours a day at it. Muini Chandi was in to-day, looking very serious.

'How many Zanzibaris are there?' he queried.

'Fifty-six,' I replied.

'Why, Master, in eighteen months we are all in this bad place!'

*Monday, March 12.*—Rained very heavily in the morning, and in the afternoon the Arabs fired upon twelve natives in a canoe, whom they persuaded to approach near the bank. The natives jumped

into the water just above some bad rapids, and one ~~man~~ very pluckily swam ~~back~~ in the ~~middle~~ of ~~the~~ fire, caught the drifting ~~man~~ and, sheltering himself ~~behind~~ it, succeeded in pushing it along ~~until~~ they ~~at~~ got ~~it~~ ~~and~~ paddled away for dear life, the slugs whizzing ~~all~~ around them. Some of Selim's ~~men~~ who ~~were~~ of the party who went down ~~some~~ some days ~~ago~~ returned ~~last~~ evening, ~~and~~ stated ~~that~~ they ~~had~~ ~~seen~~ and decapitated six men, ~~and~~ caught two, ~~one~~ of them being poor unfortunate N'Gunga. They will ~~be~~ in to-morrow morning with the captives, ~~and~~ ~~in~~ large ~~numbers~~.

*Tuesday, March 13.*—Feruzi, ~~one~~ of ~~the~~ sick men, ~~was~~ in panting and looking very scared. I asked him what ~~was~~ the matter, and he said he ~~had~~ seen a lot of Selim's Manyemas eating and cooking the flesh of the natives they had just killed, and that when they ~~saw~~ him they had ~~attacked~~ him with their ~~swords~~. Selim tells ~~me~~ that his men have heard from the natives lower down the river, that there ~~are~~ white men in a ~~place~~ fighting the villagers of Basoko, ~~at~~ mouth of ~~the~~ river.

*Wednesday, March 14.*—Was ~~a~~ work ~~day~~ day drawing native pots, pestle and mortar, &c. Poor N'Gunga ~~was~~ and visited me; he looks very thin, poor chap! They commenced selling ~~meat~~ to-day.

*Thursday, March 15.*—Some Manyemas tried to ~~make~~ an entry into the fort to-day, ~~but~~ pushed ~~the~~ ~~entry~~ sentry away, throwing ~~him~~ ~~down~~ down. Lots of palaver, but things ~~were~~ satisfactorily arranged ~~and~~ ~~the~~ New moon. ~~was~~ ~~seen~~ nearly all ~~the~~ morning ~~and~~ me. Drew two native chairs. Very ~~much~~.

*Friday, March 16.*—Another man (sixty-five graves). At work all day, drawing native stools; very heavy during the afternoon and evening. Selim came down and chatted with me.

*Saturday, March 17.*—Busy drawing pottery, &c. Fe'im came down both in the morning and evening. When I chaffed him about Tippoo Tib's greatness, and was waiting nine months for the 700 men, he assured me they would come in time. When I remarked that I did not think the Manyema could carry our loads, he replied they do carry their heads, they sling them on their backs, and that the natives would probably carry most of the loads, while the Manyema would 'play the soldier' with their guns.

*Sunday, March 18.*—Very hot day. Drawing native utensils, &c. Selim and old N'Gunga came down and chatted during the morning.

*Tuesday, March 20.*—Selim spent the whole morning with me, and was teaching me the Arabic characters. An Arab came in from down river, and said that bin Nassib had gone over to the place where the natives said they had seen a white man in a long time ago. I can't help fancying that they must have gone up the Mobangi, and a shield that came from there, which was lent me to draw, was identical with those that I have seen down by the mouth of the Mobangi and about Bangala. Some of Selim's men came back from a trip down river, and told me they had killed the natives, and got two pieces of ivory, one of which was broken off short. Drew two or three native utensils. Nassibu has not yet returned, and I cannot therefore make any

Stanley's vocabulary. News from the Nile at Stanley.

*Wednesday, March 21.*—Maripiku wadi Boheti died to-day. I drew the portrait of the poor chap last month. Selim has received word from the Nile that there is a great number of Manyemas on their way there from Kassongo, that Tippoo Tib is with them. Jameson is yet gone to Kassongo; awaiting the arrival of the men with some of Selim's men down river, at a place called Tichua, have been reversed, but as yet nothing definite is known.

*Thursday, March 22.*—Very hot day, the carcass of a goat killed the previous evening has gone bad. Working the Kingwana and the Arabic characters.

*March 23.*—Nassibu this afternoon, but I am asleep. I have been very ill with dysentery. Selim spent the morning with me, chattering about Nile matters. I am making quite rapid strides in the Kingwana language.

*March 24.*—Dull raining. Major B. has returned from the Falls. Jameson has gone to Kassongo, and I am to start in five days to go down to the coast, and cable home to the Committee:—

'No news of Stanley since writing the 10th October. Tippoo Tib left Kassongo November sixteenth, and up to March has only got us two hundred and fifty men; more are coming, but in uncertain numbers and at uncertain times. Presuming Stanley in trouble, absurd for me to start with less numbers than he did, I carrying more loads, and minus "Maxim" guns. I am going to start Jameson

Kassongo to hasten Tippu in regard to [redacted] originally promised six hundred men, and [redacted] from [redacted] as many fighting men as possible up to four hundred; [redacted] make [redacted] advantageous [redacted] [redacted] can as regards service and payment of men, [redacted] [redacted] I guaranteeing money in name of Expedition. [redacted]

[redacted] May fourteenth, but [redacted] to start will be June first. When I start, [redacted] leaving officer with all loads not absolutely wanted [redacted] Stanley Falls. Ward carries this message. Please obtain wire from King Belgians [redacted] "Free State," [redacted] place carriers [redacted] his disposal, and have [redacted] in readiness to convey him Yambuya. If [redacted] before his arrival, start without him. [redacted] should return about July first. Wire [redacted] and opinion. Officers [redacted] well. Ward awaits reply.

BARTTELOT.

\* [redacted] Mackinnon (Gray, Davies & Co.),  
14 Austin Friars, London.

[redacted] Jameson and Barttelot have been very sick [redacted] the Falls, and indeed Barttelot looks [redacted] awfully ill, and a bad grey colour. There is [redacted] doubt the Arabs are playing a double game, and there [redacted] means of finding out anything from them. I expect to have a pretty hard job to pass some of those populous places, [redacted] Monungeri, Upoto, Mobeka, &c., but we shall have [redacted] make them [redacted] powder, or else be cooked and eaten. This [redacted] all very startling news; and I do not know whether [redacted] is a step in the right direction or not.

Sunday, March 25.—Busy [redacted] day talking over [redacted] plans, &c., concerning my journey down [redacted] the [redacted] [redacted] as interpreter; arranged [redacted]

Mohammed Seid about the purchase of paddles. I am to [redacted] in four days [redacted] here, [redacted] Yangambi, below Yalisula. Major [redacted] had a bad fever and ague fit, and looks awfully bad; poor fellow. I [redacted] quite sorry for him.

*Monday, March 26.*—Busy all day copying letters, &c. According [redacted] my letter of instructions, I [redacted] to [redacted] here [redacted] Wednesday morning. Selim Mohammed and Seid were down in the morning. [redacted] my men, [redacted] elected Muini Hamici, alias [redacted] Pangani, as the chief. Troup [redacted] accompany me [redacted] me off, and he will then proceed to [redacted] Lomami River on the south bank of the Congo to purchase goats.

*Tuesday, March 27.*—Very busy packing. I start [redacted] morning. Selim [redacted] three magnificent ivory war-horns, [redacted] a curious knife. Head- [redacted] from unusual excitement. Poor Barttelot is almost beside himself with his fever, weakness, and the preparation of letters for me. Barttelot, Troup, [redacted] Bonny all seem anxious about my safety.

[redacted] my 'marching orders' as follows:—

*'Copy of instructions to Mr. Ward as proceeding [redacted] Banana Point, for [redacted] of sending telegram [redacted] Committee.*

*'You will leave [redacted] Yambuya, March 28th, with thirty [redacted] and five Soudanese, [redacted] to Ngambi on the Congo. There you should find [redacted] canoes ready for you; lash these [redacted] together, embark your men and provisions, and start without delay [redacted] Bangala.*

*'At Bangala hand my letters to the chief of the*



station. Disarm the Zanzibaris, and hand their arms over to the station, making arrangements for immediate return here of the Houdanees. If this is possible, they remain at Bangala till your return, receiving, a Soudanese officer, two metako per day, and the rest, half a metako. On return, arms to be handed back to the station.

' You yourself, with the aid of the chief of Bangala Station, the Bangalas and others to transport you to Leopoldville. Arriving there, you will hand my letter to the chief of station, who will supply you with carriers, and you will proceed at once to Matadeo, and there embark for Banana Point. At Boma you will put up at the English House, and give my letter to the Governor-General of the Free State. On arrival at Banana you will ascertain which is the nearest, St. Thomas or St. Paul de Loanda, to cable home from, and to the nearest of these two you will proceed and send the telegram to you at Yambuya to Mr. William Mackinnon. You will await reply; on receiving which, you will proceed back with all despatch to Leopoldville. From reaching Boma on your downward journey, on returning to that place on your journey you will receive 25s. per diem. You will give my letter to the Governor-General at Banana, who will supply you with monies for the telegram and all other expenses.

' You must remember despatch is to be used.

' On arrival at Leopoldville on your return, you will proceed up river with all despatch, bringing Tippoo with you to Ngambi on the Congo.

There you will learn if I have ~~the~~ the lakes or not. ~~I~~ I have started, you ~~proceed~~ proceed to ~~Falls~~ Falls, where you will find a letter of ~~awaiting~~ awaiting you. If I have not started, send a messenger ~~me~~ me here, and await my arrival ~~Ngambi~~ Ngambi with the steamer. An accurate account of your expenditure ~~kept~~ kept, one copy of which ~~to~~ to Mr. William Mackinnon, c/o Gray, Dawes & Co., 14 Austin Friars, E.C., and ~~for~~ for myself. You will purchase while ~~Banana~~ Banana, on behalf of the Expedition, two ~~of~~ of champagne, ~~four~~ four ~~of~~ of tin meat, each ~~to~~ to contain fifteen tins of 2 lbs. weight, and thirty matchettes.

‘EDMUND M. HARTTLOT, Major.

‘Commanding Yambuya Camp.

‘~~27~~ 27, 1878.’

## CHAPTER XII

*Wednesday, March 28.*—Sent my men 6 A.M., but Troup and I prevented from starting for three hours after on account of very heavy thunderstorm. We had an awful day's work in the forest, it rained or less all day, and my men staggered about and quite unable to get along. Poor fellows, they have no spirit left, in a very emaciated condition. We camped in the forest. Ali bin Mohammed he could not walk.

*Thursday, March 29.*—Under way again; more rain; forest dense, and swamps up to one's waist in many places. Arrived in the further village of Yaweko at sundown. Had to distribute ammunition, and repack and lighten the loads.

*Friday, March 30.*—Away at sunrise, and struck the new road to Yangambi. Had a very long march to-day—quite twenty-five miles through dense dark forest—most tiring and trying on eyes. Troup and I, with only one man, arrived at Yangambi at dark. My men at midnight. Ate and drank malafu.

*Saturday, March 31.*—Remainder of day in. Seid had not come down river and other men and paddles, so could not start. Fixed my big canoe,

flooring, roof, &c. **Then** all I hear I **have** **fight** my way down river. **large** numbers **been** driven back. Rachid said **much** peril. I drew him and **of** his wives, **worked** during the afternoon **lashing** the two **together**. Heavy storm in evening.

Got the following letter from Bartelott :—

Tambora Camp: **30,**

WARD,—I **am** sending this to **you** **I** **very** careful in the manner you behave below—I **regards** pecuniary matters. I shall require **your** hands **a** receipted bill for everything you spend, and should you be unable to purchase **champagne** and the watch, you will not draw **20l.** The slightest attempt at any **I** **down** upon you for. I have given you **a** position of trust, **that** you do **abuse** it. You will send me **a** receipt of this letter.

(Signed) EDMUND M. BARTELOTT, Major.

Have replied: consider letter gross insult, and will **explanation** and satisfaction on my return.

Tuesday, April 3.—Had **a** good **Rachid**; pleasant chat with his wife, Yohurr, and started, the **of** attraction and curiosity with **large** assembly of natives and Arabs. We went along better than I had expected, and by about 5 P.M. were in sight of the islands opposite the mouth of the Aruwimi River. Drums struck up on **of** river, and **dark** we could distinguish large canoes following us at some distance. At about 11 P.M. **a** string of canoes **up** across

the river, and we were all prepared for war ; but as we approached they cleared out, only yelled us from a neighbouring We sighted a large in of the river about midnight, and for it ; but, fortunately we just had time sheer and swept by a large In early hours of the morning the war-horns, bined with big drums and the people's yells, kept us all on alert. None of us any sleep last night.

*Wednesday, April 1.*—Many natives, times, down for a long distance, but kept well out of range. Horns and drums continue. Heavy on at about A.M. and until 3 P.M. The Congo is very high. At 5 P.M. sighted a very large village left bank, the natives were very wild. They manned their big canoes, and their drums and horns echoed for miles. They followed us down for three miles another large village, yelling and shouting. We counted six large canoes with about thirty men in each, and their arms glistened in the sun ; but they kept out of range, and behind an island just height of their excitement. The night was cloudy, and kept in mid-stream, and only heard the drum and horn alarms. I got a little sleep towards morning, passed down a long reach of swampy forest. all night.

*Thursday, April 3.*—Beautiful sunrise. Came on three abandoned canoes drifting down stream ; their crews were scared and had taken to the bush. we sighted a large village on right bank, and

some fishermen answered our  of peace in Kibangi. They said they belonged to the big village Morinja. They  not so afraid, but we could not get  than 200 yards. At midday we met  fishing canoes,  another large village on right bank. Some well-manned  came out, but kept a respectful distance,  danced and threw up  in derision. They would  tell us their tribe or the  of their village. Later on in the  we paddled down close to a large village  right bank, which they call 'Dobbo.'  the people  adverse  our landing. We, however, went alongside the perpendicular bank,  hung  to  of their canoes. They soon came in crowds  the bank  around  the river- in their canoes, and  kwanga, fowls, bad eggs, sugar-cane, small goats, &c. After twenty minutes the crowd  dense (there were about 500), and so high  the excitement and avarice,  I considered it best  clear out before  came  blows. We parted friends. An hour later  put in to shore for firewood. We  be getting near  Upoto; by the course of the river it was north-west and  are now almost due . I am  we shall have trouble with Upoto. They gave Van Kerkhoven a good battle, and  several  his Zanzibaris, and  in a steamer which had  paddled,  had many men. The Upoto people  many , and  was  populous  caught   year who . The natives had passed all the other bad places successfully. They ate five and sold four back to the  we passed  July  could

make friends with Upoto. I am rather in hopes of getting past to-night. About 11 P.M. we took what appeared to be a clear reach, but the night was so cloudy and dark that we went down quite two miles in a narrow, reedy, sand shoal, and we were all hard at work until past midnight before we could get back. All the men were in the water. The Soudanese, singing and pushing, did awfully well, and did more than all the Zanzibaris together. The remainder of the night was uneventful. I got a little sleep.

*Friday, April 6.*—At early dawn we sighted the Upoto Hills; put out to get more firewood, as we had to abandon our stock last night in the swamp. Natives skurrying about in the distance in canoes. We kept the south bank. At about 1 P.M. we responded to the invitations of the natives, whose village on the south bank is nearly opposite Upoto. These people were very friendly and gave all kinds of food to my men—fish, fowl, plantain, kwanga, &c. Of course, they were very noisy and excited at seeing such a rum-looking craft as ours for the first time; but all went well, and after about an hour's roaring, bartering, and gesticulating, we went on our way. I hope to get into Bangala to-night. When with a lot of smoke, dried fish, high meat, sour manioc, and other eatables which the men have invested in, I enjoy much fresh air, so I smoke my pipe. Very hot day; don't think I could register the temperature here without an accident. Went bowling along during the remainder of the day. No natives, and passed some very narrow

reaches [redacted] ugly snags. Kept the [redacted] bank. The night [redacted] uneventful; rained in early morning.

*Saturday, April 7.*—Still keeping the north bank; [redacted] channels among low swampy [redacted]. Another very hot day. Nothing occurred until about 3 [redacted] met four natives in two canoes, who [redacted] us that [redacted] could [redacted] get to Bangala until tomorrow morning; but they [redacted] reckon on our going night [redacted] day. They were very friendly, and accepted my little present of kowries with [redacted]. They had the Upoto tribal tattoo [redacted] on their faces, and said their village was Ndnbon. I was able [redacted] chat with them to my surprise, for I thought [redacted] quite forgotten my Kibangi. Low islands with dense jungles and forest [redacted] tinne, and they [redacted] quite submerged in these parts. In [redacted] night, about 10 P.M., [redacted] got into [redacted] channel, and, like cannons, several hippopotami [redacted] for the water from the [redacted] reedy banks. [redacted] were almost [redacted] to us, whilst the water surged and turned us about, until I [redacted] almost [redacted] one of [redacted] would [redacted] it into [redacted] [redacted] give us [redacted] knock, which, it is needless to state, would [redacted] been [redacted] end of [redacted] canoe journey. About midnight we passed [redacted] villages [redacted] the north bank. At [redacted] [redacted] drums beat, [redacted] [redacted] very gruff voice challenged us. 'We are friends, children of Stanley, going [redacted] Bangala; [redacted] peaceable:' but [redacted] gruff voice replied, that 'If we were what we said, why [redacted] we travel [redacted] the dark? We lied, [redacted] they would come [redacted] [redacted] presently and fight, for we were like thieves.' [redacted] laughed [redacted] them, [redacted] [redacted] on, [redacted] [redacted]



night was so intensely dark, that we hauled alongside the bank [redacted] daybreak.

*Sunday, April 8.*—At very [redacted] dawn [redacted] again, and passed many villages [redacted] the north bank that are [redacted] to [redacted] since my [redacted] Bangala in 1886. I feel convinced of the advantage [redacted] natives in this district have derived [redacted] intercourse with civilisation in the shape of [redacted] station, [redacted] their emigrations [redacted] Boma [redacted] police. I do not hesitate [redacted] say that I think [redacted] Bangalas [redacted] coming people in the Congo [redacted] Territory. They have become useful, pleasant people in about two years. It [redacted] like coming amongst [redacted] friends again [redacted] draw nearer Bangala. We have made the journey much quicker than anyone would have thought possible. 11 A.M.—The natives [redacted] the villages [redacted] are passing [redacted] all very anxious [redacted] food; they invite us to their villages to drink 'massanga' with their chiefs, and [redacted] full of merriment and chaff. They are much surprised at our big canoes, and that we have come all the way from Stanley Falls. They think there has been another fight with the Arabs, and that we are fugitives. Abu Bak, the Soudanese officer, has been very [redacted] with dysentery [redacted] since we left Yangambi, [redacted] to-day [redacted] worse—thin, and unable to stand. It is very pleasant [redacted] what attention is paid him by my [redacted] soldiers; they [redacted] four of the biggest [redacted] of [redacted] crowd, picked on account of their pluck—and they are as tender to poor old Abu Bak as [redacted] white woman nurse could be. We got into Bangala [redacted] P.M., [redacted] great alarm, thinking we were the Arabs. I was

well received, some wine food, and then arranged to the thing the morning to try 'Stanley,' which only the morning. I slept the A.I.A. to be all ready for an early start, and Werner, the English engineer (the only Englishman left in the State), came down and told me what had happened in these parts during my year's absence up the Aruwimi River. The list of deaths appalling, and among them, Comber, Reichlein, Mrs. Harvey, Rothkirch, were, I may say, particular friends of mine, there others. We up nearly whole night talking.

*Monday, April 9.*—I shifted my traps in a small canoe, delivered my thirty Zanzibaris, five Houdanese, their rifles and ammunition, to Van Kerckhoven, who will take them back to Yambuya in the A.I.A., and started with twenty-five brave Bangala niggers. We just flow along during the whole day and night; a heavy storm came on about midnight and nearly swamped us; the canoe small, and I had no covering.

*Tuesday, April 10.*—Another heavy storm of rain, &c. At midday I got into the Equator Station, where, my great delight, was the 'Stanley,' getting up I was again awfully well received; saw Monsieur Boulanger, and the missionaries, Murphy and Mr. and Mrs. Banks. We started 2.30 P.M. and camped on the south bank. The Belgians astonished to hear that Arabs friendly. It Van der Welde mann were have to the Falls, but Van Welde died at Leo, and Stillmann got very ill

to Europe. The captain's ~~arrival~~ a boy ~~from~~ a village ~~near~~ Ndembo, ~~near~~ Lukungu, ~~and~~ he entertained me until late with ~~many~~ of my old native friends. He says that I ~~was~~ reported ~~down~~ ~~at~~ Lukungu.

*Wednesday, April 11.*—Away ~~at~~ daylight. Travelling on board this ~~steamer~~ is a very great improvement upon the ~~old~~ business. All the fellows are very interested with my stories about the Arabs ~~and~~ their doings. My sketches were much appreciated. We got into Lukolela 7 P.M., after a very heavy tornado, which forced us ~~to~~ anchor for a couple of hours. Richards and Darby, of the B.M.S., ~~are~~ here and ~~are~~ well.

*Thursday, April 12.*—We left Lukolela at ~~10~~ A.M. this morning. I exchanged ~~many~~ curiosities with Monsieur Baert. He also made ~~me~~ a present of a small box of colours. Camped for wood on south bank, 5 P.M.

*Friday, April 13.*—Away ~~at~~ 3.30 A.M. Heard from Monsieur Baert ~~that~~ Captain Bore ~~is~~ himself ~~at~~ Verona. What a ~~fine~~ country ~~it~~ is! Obtained by exchanges a very beautiful Equator shield, ~~and~~ two assegais from the little Dutch engineer. The captain, a Swede, named Shogestrom, is a really ~~fine~~ fellow. I consider him to be ~~one~~ of ~~the~~ best men the State ever had: a six-foot, broad-fellow, simple and frank, with much hard work about him. He devotes himself thoroughly ~~to~~ duty. Stanley much admired him. What fatality there ~~may~~ be connected with ~~the~~ the Europeans who have had to go to the Falls! First, Benny shot himself; second, a Belgian officer ~~was~~ on ~~the~~ way

up; third, Wester, who went home very ill; fourth, Deane, who underwent many perils; fifth, Dubois, who was drowned; sixth, Van der Welde, who on another day at Leopoldville, en route to the Falls; seventh, his companion, Stillmann, who got sick, and was clear home to save his life; eighth, Amelot, who died on his way, in Zanzibar.

*Saturday, April 11.*—At 8 A.M. this morning we were at our encampment opposite Kwamouth, and the smoke from a gun in the forest. It was old Deane, and he came out in his canoe and chatted for about ten minutes. He had just knocked over an elephant. He was looking well, though very thin, and was dressed in an old pair of blue trousers, cloth shirt and cap, and his beard was long and ragged. He seemed very pleased to see me, and at first, before he understood that I was going to the coast to send this cable and return, he said: 'If you are going down, why not come and stay with me here? I am all alone, and we are old friends.' He was surprised at my getting down in the Congo without fighting, and complimented me upon it. Poor old Deane! I am very fond of him. During a conversation with a Belgian officer, Monsieur Baert, upon the Arab situation up in the country round about the Falls, he said: 'Among [Belgian officers in the Congo State and in Brussels] it was pronounced very short-sighted policy on Stanley's part, appointing Tippoo Tib as the Chief of the Falls.' 'But stay,' said I; 'Stanley only suggested such an action, for before finally settling anything at Zanzibar, the agreement, &c., was clear home to His Majesty the King of the Belgians, who approved and sanctioned; therefore

Stanley cannot be in any way blamed.' 'No, but if he is legally accountable, he is morally responsible. It was Stanley who brought the Arabs to the Falls eleven years ago, and he really the cause of their being where they are to-day!' I stated that I thought if the State officers who are going up to the Falls only temporise and are politic, there will be trouble. I know the Arabs are very eager to get traders up from the West, and they would very soon conform to the State regulations, as long as confining their raiding within certain limits is concerned. At present it costs twelve pounds sterling to get one load from the East coast, putting aside the long time it takes on route, the heavy dues to the kings of the intervening country through which it passes, and the taxes due to the Sultan of Zanzibar. These, I urged, must be removed alone to induce the Arabs to conform to State rule. Monsieur Baert replied that what I said might be very true; but that during the few years, after the Khartoum Arabs had met and co-mingled with Tippoo Tib, as they assuredly did, Stanley opening this Aruwimi route, they would be no trouble. He said that if Tippoo had been appointed Chief of the Falls in the first instance, all would have been well; but now, after his removal from the station, his appointment was very serious. Better it would have been if the station had been forcibly retaken, and then for Tippoo Tib to have received his post. 'And,' inquired I, 'are your propositions now for confining the Arabs to the south of the Falls?' 'Well,' he continued, 'we Belgian here think that a station or line of stations

should [ ] across the country [ ] Basoko, fully fortified and armed; that all [ ] natives [ ] be armed [ ] cap-guns to [ ] extent of several thousand, [ ] that they should be led [ ] fight for themselves against the Arabs.' 'That's very good,' [ ] I; 'but, supposing you wanted [ ] disarm the natives afterwards, their strength would be very great, [ ] they would probably turn out to be [ ] bad [ ] the Arabs.' 'Oh, that [ ] very simple matter,' [ ] the quick retort. '1st, stop giving [ ] them caps; or, 2nd, give [ ] dynamite in place of powder, and they would [ ] blow themselves to bits.' I am quite confident that the Belgians will have much trouble before settling the slave-raiding business. They do not know the country. [ ] they [ ] not strong enough, and never will be in my opinion, to cope with the Arabs. These Arabs in a few weeks could concentrate several thousand experienced and armed fighters, who know the country like a book, and would have the additional zest given them for fighting by [ ] [ ] they [ ] the attacked party, and, [ ] defeated, several years of their labour would [ ] lost, [ ] their [ ] of gaining wealth [ ] wrested [ ] them. [ ] course, [ ] shut off [ ] Zanzibar, they would have no outlet.

*Sunday, April 15.*—We camped yesterday very early (11.30 A.M.), only three hours [ ] [ ] Kwamouth in fact, in order [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] into the Pool. Away this morning [ ] [ ] Arrived in Leopoldville [ ] 4.30 P.M., staying [ ] Kinchasa [ ] twenty minutes [ ] route. Lieut. [ ] very polite [ ] obliging; [ ] said [ ] could have as many men as I wanted, and

country the following morning. I letters from Europe awaiting me. I got a donkey and rode over to Kinchasa the dark to see Glave, who was starting up river the following morning in a new little stern-wheeler, the 'New York,' commonly called the 'Pup.' I was up the whole night with him, talking.

*Monday, April 16.*—At daybreak I had a wash up, and dropped into Greaboff's place and had a of and a chat for a few minutes. I called into Grenfell's (the Baptist Missionary Society), and him breakfast. Ate a little civilised provision. Dr. Sims and Mrs. Grenfell were company. Major Parminter came in, he, Dr. Sims, myself went down to Leo a I got my native friends together; they seemed really very well pleased to see 'Mayala Mbemba' (Eagle Wings—my native name) again, me a number of questions the interior. I arranged my loads, and got away from Leo amid gushing adieus of about twenty-five Belgians, who looked upon me as a sort of curiosity, having the river in a canoe while they had been nine months deliberating before venturing up in the 'Stanley.' I in the the B.M.U., and again the mealtime. I overtook a Dutchman on who had started that morning at 7 A.M. We slept at N'Gomas-town, had three hours' tramp in a heavy thunderstorm. blinding and cold ice, while just previous suffocating.

*Tuesday, April 17.*—We got away at daybreak. At 1 P.M. I swam in Cataract River,

and at 1 P.M. there came one of the ~~storms~~ ~~which~~ I ever remember; the rain-drops ~~fell~~ like hailstones, ~~and~~ they ~~were~~ like knives; ~~the~~ ~~ground~~ ~~was~~ ~~covered~~ ~~with~~ ~~water~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~depth~~ ~~of~~ ~~six~~ ~~or~~ ~~nine~~ ~~inches~~ ~~high~~, ~~and~~ ~~was~~ ~~blown~~ ~~across~~ ~~the~~ ~~path~~, along which ~~the~~ ~~water~~ ~~streamed~~ ~~knee-deep~~, rendering ~~it~~ ~~impossible~~ ~~to~~ ~~follow~~ ~~it~~; cold ~~as~~ ~~ice~~ ~~again~~, ~~and~~ ~~so~~ ~~that~~ ~~we~~ ~~could~~ ~~not~~ ~~go~~ ~~more~~ ~~than~~ ~~ten~~ ~~yards~~ ~~at~~ ~~any~~ ~~one~~ ~~time~~ ~~and~~ ~~we~~ ~~could~~ ~~not~~ ~~go~~ ~~around~~. The thunder ~~was~~ ~~very~~ ~~fearful~~, and two or three flashes nearly made ~~us~~ ~~fall~~, they were so vivid ~~and~~ ~~electrifying~~. At 7 P.M. we found the little village of Kintompi, and I ~~went~~ ~~into~~ ~~a~~ ~~hut~~ ~~where~~ ~~a~~ ~~fire~~ ~~was~~ ~~cheerfully~~ ~~burning~~. I found there ~~only~~ ~~myself~~ ~~and~~ ~~boy~~ ~~to~~ ~~take~~ ~~shelter~~, and ~~we~~ ~~had~~ ~~no~~ ~~dry~~ ~~clothes~~ ~~or~~ ~~blankets~~. The carriers had taken refuge behind trees. I had to ~~spend~~ ~~the~~ ~~night~~ ~~sitting~~ ~~by~~ ~~the~~ ~~fire~~. At midnight I ~~had~~ ~~a~~ ~~vomiting~~ ~~fit~~, and ~~a~~ ~~heavy~~ ~~thunderstorm~~ ~~lasted~~ ~~until~~ ~~daybreak~~. I ~~was~~ ~~very~~ ~~sick~~, and ~~could~~ ~~not~~ ~~sleep~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~.

Wednesday, April 12.—I felt unwell this ~~morning~~ ~~ing~~. My feet are ~~raw~~ ~~and~~ ~~skinned~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~unusual~~ ~~exercise~~, and my boots ~~are~~ ~~fastened~~ ~~together~~ ~~with~~ ~~bits~~ ~~of~~ ~~twine~~. But I don't care ~~about~~ ~~these~~ ~~little~~ ~~inconveniences~~. I ~~want~~ ~~to~~ ~~get~~ ~~down~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~river~~ ~~this~~ ~~month~~. I ~~arrived~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~Nzadi~~ ~~about~~ ~~2~~ ~~P.M.~~, but the canoes ~~were~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~opposite~~ ~~bank~~, and would not come over for us, as the rains, ~~which~~ ~~have~~ ~~been~~ ~~exceptionally~~ ~~heavy~~ ~~this~~ ~~season~~, had swelled the river to such an ~~extent~~ ~~that~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~a~~ ~~veritable~~ ~~torrent~~. I had to ~~wait~~ ~~for~~ ~~5~~ ~~days~~ before I could bribe them to cross (I promised to pay fifty brass rods). We had to make two journeys, and it was very ticklish work. I had my boots off ready



for an emergency. By the time we reached the top of the hill the rain came down in torrents, and it thundered ~~all the while~~. It being ~~dark~~ I decided to stay, and ~~will~~ make ~~an~~ early ~~start~~ to reach Lutete to-morrow night. These ~~last~~ ~~two~~ days I ~~have~~ done forty-nine ~~miles~~ by the missionary reckoning; my feet ~~are~~ ~~labeled~~ ~~and~~ ~~are~~. Plenty of friends in this village, and they ~~gathered~~ around me to hear of the men-eating natives and the ~~route~~ away up ~~at~~ the ~~falls~~. I had forgotten a lot of the Kikongo language during my year's absence, ~~but~~ ~~was~~ by continually talking ~~to~~ my carriers I ~~was~~ rattle away ~~as~~ well ~~as~~ ever.

Thursday, April 19.—Away early, before daylight in fact, and, after a really ~~long~~ day's work, with two big rivers to cross, not counting the smaller streams, ~~which~~ ~~were~~ very much swollen, I got into Lutete, ~~the~~ station of the Baptist Mission Society, where I found Mr. and Mrs. Holman Bentley. I was very ~~much~~ ~~and~~ footsore, having ~~made~~ a long march (twenty-~~seven~~ miles), with wet boots, &c. I received much ~~attention~~ ~~from~~ my old ~~friends~~ here.

Friday, April 20.—Away about 11 A.M.—stiff. Another good long day (twenty-five miles), and I ~~reached~~ Manyanga at sundown, ~~and~~ put ~~up~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ night with young Parminter, who ~~is~~ residing here and carrying on the transport for the ~~British~~ Expedition. I could not sleep, and ~~lost~~ ~~my~~ appetite, the ~~travelling~~ having been too much, I suppose. Not that the ~~travelling~~ ~~was~~ anything extraordinary, ~~the~~ ~~hills~~, frequent streams, long grass (frequently 15 to 20 ~~inches~~ high), slippery paths, ~~the~~ ~~rough~~ ~~and~~ ~~glassy~~, slippery, rocky bottoms, and the intense heat

of the [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] out with terrible fierceness, completely handicapped [redacted]

*Saturday, April 21.*—Away again, early, and [redacted] with a Dutchman [redacted] Ndunga, reaching Lukunga [redacted] in the afternoon in the heavy [redacted]

*Sunday, April 22.*—Got twelve Manyanga boys from Lieut. [redacted] Marc, the chief of the station, [redacted] away [redacted] another storm, which [redacted] [redacted] P.M. Camped [redacted] N'Gumi.

*Monday, April 23.*—Away [redacted] daybreak, [redacted] [redacted] real [redacted] day's journey, having to cross [redacted] [redacted] impassable streams. Arrived [redacted] Lukunga Stream, which had overflowed its banks for about half [redacted] mile [redacted] both sides; crossed it after sundown, and camped with [redacted] missionaries of Bishop Taylor's [redacted]

*Tuesday, April 24.*—Away again [redacted] daybreak, [redacted] rattled along with [redacted] feet—very [redacted] [redacted] swollen, and reached M'Banga Manteka [redacted] sundown; found my [redacted] [redacted] Mr. and Mrs. Ingram here, and was, [redacted] course, treated uncommonly well; spent [redacted] pleasant evening [redacted] them, and chatted until past midnight. [redacted] [redacted] away elephant hunting.

*Wednesday, April 25.*—Left Ingram's about 7.30 A.M., well fortified with a good breakfast, and trudged along all day until evening, camping [redacted] N'Kama N'Kosi Stream. No tent, and all loads [redacted] [redacted] I had gone too far for my porters, so had [redacted] pass the night in wet clothes, and no supper or [redacted]

*Thursday, April 26.*—Away [redacted] early dawn, and

after a most painful march of over twenty-six miles over quartz mountains, under a burning sun, I got into Mpallaballa, the Mission Station of the A.B.M.U. Here were Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, and I was treated with the utmost consideration and I was worn out upon arrival here, and came trudging into the station as the sun was going down, in rags, and with clay mud sticking up my arm-pits from crossing swollen rivers. My feet were very swollen, and I shall apparently suffer from ulcers, I was scratching my legs where the insects had bitten them.

*Friday, April 27.*—Away late, my camp back; reached Matadi Station a very unpleasant march over the intervening quartz mountains, which Stanley call 'the Heart Breakers.' Found the steamer had left for Boma the previous day, so went to N'Kala-N'Kala; had dinner at 6 P.M. and started at 7 P.M. in the little dingy for Boma.

*Saturday, April 28.*—We got into Boma this morning about half-past 3 A.M., woke up Ainsworth, and breakfasted; at 6.30 I went down to see the Governor, Monsieur Janssens. He once placed the ss. 'Belgique' at my disposal to take me down to Banana, and said he would send a special messenger up to the Pool to order the ss. 'Stanley' to await my return until June 1. Arrived in Banana at 3.30 P.M., in 1 P.M., but could not sleep, although for the past month I had hardly had four hours' consecutive rest at a time, and last night I was travelling and got no whatever. About 3 P.M.

I went out on the beach with a blanket around me, and sat by the edge of the waves, thinking.

*Sunday, April 29.*—Washed, dressed, and again watching the sea and the distant horizon; went to Dutch House to breakfast, and during meal the Portuguese mail arrived. Letter from Banana about 2 P.M.

*Monday, April 30.*—Arrived at Ambri, and stayed there at anchor for the most part of the day; then up river and away, arriving at the mouth of Loanda at about 11 P.M. Not feeling well; my foot very painful. I stayed on board until the morning.

*Tuesday, May 1.*—Went ashore at 6 A.M.; visited the firm of Newton, Carnegie & Co., who were very kind, and assisted me in clearing my traps from the Customs. Called upon Van der Must, of the Dutch House, and delivered a large package of money, which Fontaine had entrusted to my charge, and then, having re-written my cable in proper telegraph form, I went to the Post Office and despatched it. I then went to the French Hotel, a frightfully dirty and dear place, but good cooking, the proprietor being a professional. I found he had no accommodation for to-night, but he said he would have a vacant room. I went there, and then returned to the Dutch House and accepted the hospitality of Herr Van der Must. In the evening after dinner we went up to the Palace Gardens, where military bands played. This I enjoyed immensely, as it is going on for four years since I've heard any music of any kind except the drum of the Upper Congo savages.

*Wednesday, May 2.*—I purchased some things

in the shape of clothes, shirts. I also shaved, and got myself up. I was much astonished at the change in my [redacted]; [redacted] is decidedly for the better. My leg pains me very much to-day, and I went to a doctor's shop to get [redacted] fixed. The sores were originally mosquito bites, which I scratched until they [redacted] perfect ulcers.

*Thursday, May 3.*—Went up with Nightingale, a particularly nice fellow, to [redacted] respects [redacted] the Governor; [redacted] he [redacted] away [redacted] the interior, I [redacted] his secretary. The Palace has an air of faded grandeur, [redacted] of [redacted] painted on the ceilings, [redacted] and sleepy officials, &c.

*Friday, May 4.*—No reply to my cable yet. I [redacted] been enjoying myself immensely, and by [redacted] [redacted] of Nightingale, who [redacted] the acting chief of Newton, Carnegie [redacted] Co., [redacted] have been out riding every afternoon, [redacted] board a fine grey mare, a descendant of the old-time cavalry horses of the troops here. 'This was magnificent!—a gallop over [redacted] heights with fine [redacted] air blowing [redacted] one's lungs; a really superb view of the city and shipping. I enjoy every minute of my [redacted] down here. I may [redacted] burst [redacted] with [redacted] sickness or something of the kind when I go back, so I just enter into as much pleasure as I can get while I [redacted] chance. I find very much hospitality here, everyone is pleasant to me. There [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] I am having the best time in the Expedition just [redacted] present. [redacted] often think of poor old Jameson and Troup [redacted] there, hungry, &c., [redacted] I am in clover, [redacted] luxury [redacted]

## CHAPTER XIII

May I received the reply the Committee in London to the cable I had despatched by instruction of Major Barttelot. It was as follows:—

‘MAJOR BARTTELOT, care WARD, Congo.

‘Committee refer you Stanley’s orders of June 24, 1887. If you cannot march in accordance with these orders then stay where you are, awaiting his arrival or until you receive fresh instructions from Stanley. Committee do not authorise engagement of fighting. News has been received from Emin Pasha, Zanzibar, dated Wadelai, November 2. Stanley was not then of. Emin Pasha well, and is in immediate want of supplies, south-west of to watch for Stanley. Letters have been posted regularly via

(Signed) ‘CHAIRMAN COMMITTEE.’

Anxious as I naturally was to set once on my journey with this cable from Committee, I was nevertheless unable to proceed for ten days, as there was no steamer to take me back to the mouth of the Congo. I started on the 16th and reached on 20th. I had to

Matadi for four days for native carriers, and, as I was delayed at Lukunga Manyanga by the rain, I was unable to go to Leopoldville on June 11. I caught the small paddle-steamer, 'En Avant,' which left on the 12th. On July 1 we met 'Le Stanley' on her way down the river Yambuya, and, to my surprise, I found poor Troup on board. He was invalided, and on his way home. This was the opportunity of my getting any news from the camp since my departure in May. I was not, however, able to glean very much information from Troup. The poor fellow was not fit for very much talking. He had been having an exceedingly bad time of it, and was prostrated for several weeks that he was completely out of everything as regards camp management and affairs at Yambuya. The little I did learn was that the 12th there had been a tremendous row between Barttelot and Tippoo Tib as regards the weight of the loads, and that a very serious quarrel had occurred, which at one time threatened to result in Tippoo's people attacking Major Barttelot on a supposed insult to their chief. It appeared Major Barttelot had suggested, by way of a compromise of a difficulty which had arisen, that the usual load of sixty pounds should be reduced one-half; that he subsequently endeavoured to have the loads reduced to forty pounds weight; and that Tippoo had refused to do so. Further

difficulties in consequence of quarrels between the people and the Manyemas in the manioc fields, and in a word things all sixes. He further told me that Jamieson had had a very interesting and successful trip to Kasongo, made very good sketches, of which prepared after a cannibal feast which he had present. The whole of my conversation with Troup, however, was of a flitting and unsatisfactory character, owing to his weak condition and the difficulties which attended his movements on the vessel.

I received further instructions from Major Bartelot in the following letter which the captain of the 'Stanley' handed me:—

'Yambuya Camp' June 6,

'SIR,—On arrival at Bangala you will report yourself to the chief of the station, and take from him belonging to the Expedition. You will remain at Bangala until you receive orders from the Committee concerning yourself and the loads. Rations and the of metakos per diem will be supplied you, but no advance is to be given. On account will you leave Bangala while you remain in the service of the Expedition, you receive orders from home. Should you do so, you your

'Your orders Bangala. On receiving your you will your proceedings.



'All stores ordered for the Expedition which you may have brought with you will be included in the list which I have handed over by Mr. Van Kerckhoven to you, with the exception of one box of meat, which you will hand over to Mr. Van Kerckhoven. The four canoes brought up for the payment of which you will refer to Mr. Vangèle, and any private stores you may have brought up I will see personally.—I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

EDMUND M. BARTELOT, *Major.*

'Should you bring a telegram of recall for me, you will make arrangements with the chief of Bangala to forward it to the Falls, where a messenger awaits it. You will not, however, send any other message after me, nor will you allow any person to leave Bangala Station, unless you receive orders to that effect from the Committee.

EDMUND M. BARTELOT.'

This letter appeared to me the unkindest which had been done to me since I had been with the Expedition, and, on the impulse of the moment, I was inclined to throw everything up and return home. I had travelled almost night and day for twenty-eight days, and had walked a distance of upwards of 245 miles in ten days and a half, in my anxiety to execute my commissions as promptly—putting together a record which, I may say without conceit, had never been beaten

in the way of swift African travelling—and this was my reward!

I arrived at Bangala seven days later—July 17—and ~~found~~ the goods in accordance with my instructions.

An unpleasant period of waiting followed me, ~~caused~~ by the sad tidings of Major Barttelot's death, which ~~news~~ reached me through the following ~~letter~~ from poor Jameson:—

'Stanley Falls' August 4, ~~1894~~

'~~My~~ ~~friend~~ WARD,—You will be sorry to hear of the death of poor Major Barttelot, who was shot at Unaria on July 19. There ~~has~~ been an awful mess since, but I hope to get away in two or three days on the ~~steamer~~ and then we will go on as we ~~can~~ log it. I have not even time to write my wife or brother by this steamer, so you ~~will~~ excuse ~~me~~ scratch. At ~~last~~ I was in an awful ~~state~~ about your keeping letters, &c., at Bangala, but on reading Major Barttelot's instructions to you last night for the ~~first~~ time I find you ~~are~~ only carrying out your orders. I have arranged with Tippoo Tib ~~that~~ if you ~~send~~ my all letters but no loads, he will send them after ~~me~~ the faint chance of their reaching us, and, ~~if~~ they not, they will be returned to the ~~office~~ here, ~~Mons.~~ Haneuse. Please give them to ~~the~~ captain of the steamer which ~~comes~~ first, and ask him to deliver ~~them~~ to Mons. Haneuse here, getting a receipt for the same from the captain, ~~and~~ making him get ~~them~~ ~~from~~ ~~me~~. Do not on any ~~account~~ ~~lose~~ your post at Bangala until

hearing from home, as I might have employed any relative telegrams. I have sent a copy of this letter to Mr. [redacted].  
Trusting you are in the best of health,

‘I remain, yours sincerely,

‘JAMES S. JAMESON.’

## CHAPTER XIV

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ a fortnight after writing this letter  
 ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ had followed ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ into the Great  
 Unknown. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ in my arms. My notes ■ ■ ■ ■ ■  
 tell the ■ ■ ■ tale:—

Bugala (600 miles from Yambuya),  
 Thursday, August 14, ■ A.M.

Feeling ■ bit out of sorts, I lay down upon my  
 bed, when, just as I dozed, ■ boy ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ rushing into  
 my room, saying in ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ that ■ white man ■ ■ ■  
 just come down from the Falls in a canoe. I rushed  
 to the beach, and there ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ deathlike figure lying  
 back in the men's arms, insensible. I jumped into  
 ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ and, great heavens! ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ poor Jame-  
 son. I soon got an umbrella ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ him, and we  
 ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ him up into Van Kerckhoven's room. He  
 did not recognise me. I took his ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ and knelt in  
 front of him. His eyes were half-closed and his skin  
 was ghastly yellow. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ recognition, ■ ■ ■ ■ ■  
 having arranged ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ upon the bed he gained con-  
 sciousness and said, 'O Ward, ■ that you?' ■ ■ ■ ■ ■  
 again relapsed. I got a warm bath ready, and my  
 boy Msa and I bathed him carefully. Poor, poor  
 fellow! he was filthy. Nine days ■ a canoe without  
 any help and without nourishment! After his ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ brightened up a bit—took some Madeira and ■ soup. ■ said he had had ■ awful journey down, exposed ■ the tornadoes, wind, and rain, lying helpless in a ■. It is really remarkable ■ lived. Another day would certainly have ■ him. He ■ able to converse, only ■ make an occasional remark; such as, ‘You know, Ward, if I could only get ■ square show ■ this ■ I should soon ■ all right;’ ■ when the Belgians came ■ from time to time ■ see him, ■ inquire ■ ■ better, he would reply, ‘Oh, yes, [pause] much better,’ ■ so faintly ■ be scarcely audible. He slept fairly well during the night, but had several attacks of spasms.

Friday, August 17.

Poor Jameson does not ■ any better (I think not ■ well). His pulse is feeble, he ■ retain ■ senses for ■ than ■ minute ■ two, and can only ■ a spoonful of soup at long intervals. I am still by his bedside; every quarter of an hour ■ so he ‘comes to,’ and with ■ gaunt smile of recognition ■ ■ out ■ meagre hand and clasps mine, as ■ by ■ doing he steadied his ■. He ■ just now, ‘You’re so well and clean looking that ■ me good to look at you.’ His reply ■ almost every question is a feeble ‘splendid,’ and to every inquiry ■ his condition, ‘Oh, in-fi-nitely better,’ ■ so feeble, ■ with ■ an ■ it, ■ relapses after every such answer into unconsciousness.

1 P.M.—I asked him just now if he ■ any pain. ‘No, old chap; ■ pain, only tired—oh! so

I [ ] time [ ] in, [ ] so dark—so tired; ' [ ] again [ ] unconscious.

2.10 P.M.—I watch poor Jameson's face as he [ ] with [ ] eyes half-closed, breathing fitfully. [ ] help conjecturing what his poor wife is doing [ ] time. How painful would be her [ ] she to know what [ ] going on in this [ ] Her locket [ ] always been round his neck, and I know from [ ] remarks made by him up [ ] Yambuya when I [ ] ill [ ] October that he loves her very much. How I wish I could get him home to [ ] wife, and child, [ ] brothers. For [ ] I would [ ] nothing, [ ] except my dear mother, I [ ] little, and am cared for little, by my kindred; but he is so popular, [ ] future [ ] bright.

It is [ ] to look upon [ ] pallid face, and attenuated limbs, his finely chiselled features, high and [ ] forehead, and long, wavy hair, which has [ ] been cut for months. He is a fine, intelligent, [ ] fellow. Even exhausted and weak [ ] he is, he still retains his old courageous spirit and bears [ ] pluckily. Never a word of complaint, [ ] always so abundantly [ ] for even [ ] slightest service. Poor, poor chap! I do hope [ ] fervently [ ] he will get better, but I [ ] over a feeling of [ ] doubt. [ ] is his [ ] severe [ ] of bilious hæmaturic fever, [ ] I [ ] him. It [ ] been invariably [ ] country was [ ] opened up. All [ ] have always [ ] home, [ ] tion, patients suffering [ ] hæmaturia. He has spoken very little to-day and seems thoroughly and

completely prostrated, notwithstanding [redacted] brandy [redacted] quinine.

1 P.M.—I put mustard leaves on [redacted] calves, [redacted] fear the mustard [redacted] become [redacted] from [redacted] climate. I have given [redacted] nourishment upon every occasion, but [redacted] does not rally and only gets feebler.

1 P.M.—Daenen and I put hot bricks round him, as his extremities have grown cold. He grows weaker and weaker. The drums have just beat to knock [redacted] work in the station. He opened his eyes and stared [redacted] me, clutching my [redacted] [redacted] saying with a husky voice, 'Ward, Ward! they're coming! listen!' (And the drums continued to rumble in the distance.) 'Yes, they're coming! Now let's stand together!' (He [redacted] thinking of the old times, when the drums signified [redacted] to the natives.)

7 P.M.—He groans and breathes heavily. Msa and I replaced the hot bricks every few minutes. He is quite prostrated and unconscious.

7.20.—His pulse grows weaker and weaker.

7.32.—As I supported [redacted] to administer brandy with a spoon, he drew a long breath, and his pulse stopped.

The Belgians were at dinner, and I sent Msa to bring them. They came a minute or [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] was over.

12 A.M.—I have arranged him as well [redacted] I could, sealed up his box, and had a Housa guard stationed by the house. I have got the Belgian carpenter to make a coffin, although the poor chap had been ill in bed with fever all day. I promised him a couple

of pounds for his work. I have gone to the river with men to dig the grave for my poor friend's remains. It rains heavily.

I cannot rest. Never in my life have I experienced such a deep regret as I have now for this poor chap's death. How vividly can I picture him up at Yambuya, and how well can I call to mind his future plans! We used to talk over our future together when sketching and collecting.

Saturday, August 18.

I sat up all night, quite beside myself with sadness, and at the very earliest streak of dawn Ma and I arranged poor Jameson in his coffin. I wrapped one of my Union Jacks around his body. The coffin I had varnished, in order to preserve it as long as possible from decay and ants. Black velvet was nailed all over it, and 'J. J.' (his initials) were cut in a piece of copper plate and nailed on the top. As soon as it was sufficiently light I took some hurried photographs of his face. My other Union Jack covered the coffin, and he was borne to the canoe by four Housas (British subjects and State soldiers). We proceeded slowly across the river—a melancholy party, including all the Belgians and many Housas and people of the station, in addition to the Manyemas and all who came down with him in the canoes from the Falls. Upon arriving at the opposite shore we bore the body to the grave, arranged sun-dried bricks on the bottom, and large canoe-boards over the coffin, so that, should his friends at some future time desire to have the body conveyed home, it would be



in as good a state as possible. And then we all helped to close in the grave of one of the finest and bravest men I have ever been my lot to meet.

Lieutenant Dhanis and myself have overhauled his effects, sealing up and signing each package. I had previously removed his ring, and his locket and chain from his neck, packed his papers, and made a complete inventory. At 11 A.M. I worked until 5 P.M., and then, tired out, I returned to my room. I have a strong fever on me, and have quite lost my voice from a chill I think I caught last night.

After perusing his diaries and other papers, I find I must at once go down to the coast and cable home the sad news of his death and position of the Expedition. I feel very low, and need rest, for I have not had more than an hour's sleep for upwards of sixty hours, and have taken no nourishment. This sad business has completely unnerved me.

Sunday, August 19.

During the night, the fever clinging to me until nearly daylight. I then slept until eight o'clock, took a little breakfast, and am now hard at work writing and copying letters concerning the affairs of the Expedition and poor Jameson's effects. Lieutenant Daenen has splendidly through this trying time. Nothing more thoughtful and generous assistance.

Before setting out on my journey to the coast once more, I wrote Bunney as follows :—

Bangala, August 19, 1888.

'[REDACTED] BOXER,—It is with the sincerest regret [REDACTED] I [REDACTED] announce to you the [REDACTED] of poor Jameson.

'He arrived here [REDACTED] the morning of the 16th inst. in [REDACTED] completely exhausted condition, having been exposed to [REDACTED] weather in his [REDACTED] during [REDACTED] attack of hæmaturic fever. [REDACTED] fever symptoms upon arriving here, but [REDACTED] terribly yellow, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] gone that he asked for a stimulant in order to give him strength to bear being carried [REDACTED] from the [REDACTED]. He [REDACTED] only taken [REDACTED] two bananas and one cup of goat soup during [REDACTED] nine days' journey. [REDACTED] lost consciousness [REDACTED] after arriving here, and, notwithstanding all [REDACTED] efforts [REDACTED] nourish and sustain him, he gradually but steadily sank until 7.30 P.M. of the 17th inst., when poor Jameson died.

'He was buried [REDACTED] 8 A.M. on the 18th inst.

'I was with him all the time, but [REDACTED] retained [REDACTED] consciousness to give me any [REDACTED] information. From his papers I have gathered [REDACTED] no headman [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Manyemas but Rachid, who refuses [REDACTED] go; [REDACTED] (Tippoo Tib's son), who [REDACTED] leave his post at Kassongo; [REDACTED] Tippoo Tib himself, who requires 20,000*l.* irrespective of men's pay, [REDACTED] who [REDACTED] give [REDACTED] guarantee, but [REDACTED] [REDACTED] if he meets [REDACTED] any strong opposition *en route* he will turn back and still require [REDACTED] 20,000*l.*

[REDACTED] can [REDACTED] doubt that my duty is to proceed at once to the coast and telegraph the state of [REDACTED]. I enclose you a copy of the two

telegraphic answers, and if I meet the steamer en route I shall naturally open and peruse whatever instructions have been sent. (I personally expect that we shall be recalled, for further action on our part seems impossible.) I took careful inventory of poor Jameson's effects in the presence of the chief of Bangala Station, and take his box, &c., down with me to be sent home at earliest opportunity, as his papers are very comprehensive and valuable in the present state of affairs. I am sending you up your European letters and five *private* boxes of provisions, which I know you will be glad of. They will go up by first steamer. I could not obtain a truss for you. I enclose an inventory of the boxes of provisions. I used one bottle Madeira, one tin Brand's essence, and one tin biscuits for poor Jameson, and a small quantity of Cognac. These provisions were sent up by me from Mr. Ingham, missionary.

'My dear Bonny, keep up your spirits. Things have turned out sadly indeed, but despondency in this country causes illness.

'I start down to-morrow morning, 21st, and will write you. I go down with Jameson's canoes, and our Expedition men and a few Bangalas.

'Again, keep your spirits up.

'I remain, yours very sincerely,

'HERBERT WARD.

'W. Bonny, Esq.

[REDACTED] XV

With all possible speed I made way to the cable [REDACTED] as I understood it after my necessarily brief perusal of Jameson's papers.

To Mackinnon, Gray, [REDACTED] & Co.,  
Austin Friars, London.

'Barttelot's death [REDACTED] up Expedition; Man-  
[REDACTED] disbanded. Jameson coming Bangala [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] August 17 fever. He reported Tippoo Tili  
only [REDACTED] competent command Manyemas; [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] 20,000*l.* sterling unconditionally,  
irrespective Manyemas' [REDACTED] but [REDACTED] if opposed  
without forfeiting above terms. Route, Nyangwe,  
Kibero, Unyoro. Bonny and remaining [REDACTED]  
Yarrocombi, close Stanley Falls. Many [REDACTED] [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] missing. Awaiting reply Loanda.

'WARD.'

To this the Committee replied on September 23  
as follows:

'Telegram received. Terms [REDACTED] Tippoo  
Tili [REDACTED] Committee probably [REDACTED] proposed  
Expedition. [REDACTED] telegraph [REDACTED] disposal  
stores hereafter.'

A letter of instructions regarding my collections of Major Jameson and Mr. Jameson, on October 4 the following instructions reached me from the Committee:—

'Return Stanley Falls; leave powder, Remington cartridges and portion of goods in charge there in communication with Emin opened. Remainder goods to State. See Governor about this. Bring Bonny, Expedition, all Barttelot's and Jameson's effects and Bannas; ship them England, Gray, Dawes & Co. If help wanted engage and take back Casement. Wire if these instructions understood.'

To which I replied that I would return 15th—the earliest possible date.

By this time seven months had elapsed since I had set out on my journey from the Aruwimi Camp, and this was the situation of affairs:—Troup was either in England or very near there; Barttelot had been murdered; Jameson died in my presence; and now I was under orders to make my way back as best I could to Stanley Falls, to leave certain of the goods at the Falls and to take everybody back to the coast. Of course, I was not then acquainted with the fact—which I later learned—that Stanley had got back to Bonalya (Unaria), where Major Barttelot was murdered, and the very day poor Barttelot passed away at Bangala.

The continuation of my story is best told in the following letter of Sir Win. Barttelot:—

‘ [REDACTED] 30, 1888.

‘ Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that I arrived in Boma [REDACTED] 17th inst.

‘ I [REDACTED] my instructions to Governor Lodeganch, who requested me [REDACTED] remain in Boma until after the [REDACTED] of the Portuguese mail of the [REDACTED] inst., in order that [REDACTED] might receive more [REDACTED] instructions from Bruxelles concerning the goods [REDACTED] the Emin Expedition. The Governor [REDACTED] informed me that the new steamer “Villo [REDACTED]” would be my [REDACTED] opportunity of reaching Stanley Falls, and [REDACTED] she would [REDACTED] leave Stanley [REDACTED] [REDACTED] middle of December next. I instructed Mr. Fontaine, of the Dutch house, to send you [REDACTED] detailed [REDACTED] of my expenditure, [REDACTED] consisted of payment of cablegrams, personal allowance of 25s. [REDACTED] diem, passages to and from St. Paul de Loanda, private expenditure of five guineas for clothes, &c., which please place to my debit, and I will pay upon my [REDACTED] home. I received yesterday [REDACTED] cablegram from the Committee, dated October 13, and will fulfil [REDACTED] instructions.

‘ I have the honour, sir, to remain,

‘ Your obedient servant,

‘ HERBERT WARD.

‘ Mr. [REDACTED] Mackinnon,

[REDACTED] [REDACTED] Committee.’

‘ Boma, November 2, 1888.

‘ Sir,—Upon the same day as the arrival of the Portuguese [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Europe—i.e. 30th—news reached Boma from the stations of Stanley Pool and Lukunga [REDACTED] small-pox was spreading [REDACTED] the

country, and in consequence I have been compelled to remain till the 5th inst., when I proceed to Matadi by a Portuguese cutter. I have only the six Zanzibaris that I brought down with me, being impossible to [redacted] (These [redacted] [redacted] very poor condition.) Lieutenant Becker, who is also proceeding to Stanley Falls, will leave Boma on the 12th inst.

'The Governor received no instructions about purchasing the Emin Expedition stores from Bruxelles, but will receive the goods, and refers me to Bruxelles for the monetary settlement. He will take me responsibility. It is finally settled that the "Ville de Bruxelles" [redacted] [redacted] for Stanley [redacted] December 12, so that we shall be due back here in Boma [redacted] February 20, 1889.'

'I am, etc.,

'HERBERT WARD.'

\* Stanley Pool, December 6, 1889

'SIR,—I last wrote dated N'Gomba, [redacted] 29, and I arrived in Leopoldville on December 1.

'Lieutenant Baert, Tippoo Tib's Belgian secretary, had arrived on the previous day in s.s. "Le Stanley," having left the Falls in a whale-boat under the [redacted] of another Belgian on September [redacted] I learnt from him the particulars of Mr. Stanley's return to Unaria, and he handed me a letter from Mr. Bonny, addressed to the late Mr. Jameson, which, under the circumstances, I opened and read. [redacted] letter please find enclosed.

'Major Farninter having despatched a special messenger with a cablegram to the Committee with the news of Mr. Stanley's return, I therefore con-

sidered it unnecessary to cable anything further than the I gathered from Baert concerning Mr. Stanley's correspondence, which had been for some reason detained at Stanley Falls by the State Lieutenant Haneuse, and which, therefore, cannot possibly reach you before March.

Lieutenant Baert also informed me that together with the packets of correspondence addressed Gray, Dawes & Co., by Mr. Stanley to of the Falls to be forwarded to Europe, was a letter addressed to the late Mr. Jameson. This letter I shall endeavour to obtain and read, as there is every possibility of finding Mr. Stanley's wishes therein concerning the 200 odd loads in store at Bangala. Should I, however, be in obtaining this letter I consider it my proper course to all the loads from Bangala up to Stanley Falls, and to endeavour to induce Tippoo Tib to provide me with Manyema porters to convey the Remington ammunition to Lake Albert.

I would suggest to the Committee to cable instructions immediately upon receipt of this letter, upon the assumption that I have Mr. Stanley's letter of instructions Mr. Jameson, been obtain sufficient aid from Tippoo Tib to proceed, and that I am at Stanley Falls with the loads awaiting your orders. Committee favour course and despatch instructions immediately, is probable that the message be in the Dutch house s.s. "Holland."

'I have the honour, &c.,

'HARVEY WARD.'



Stanley Pool, December 7, 1892.

DEAR SIR,—The [redacted] I [redacted] in course of conversation with Lieutenant Baert, Tippoo [redacted] secretary, concerning Mr. Stanley's [redacted] Unaria will [redacted] you. Upon August 25 [redacted] of [redacted] Stanley's, accompanied by two men belonging [redacted] the headman of Unaria, [redacted] Stanley Falls bearing the following letter [redacted] Tippoo Til [redacted] Mr. Stanley:—

Unaria, August 17, [redacted]

*"To Sheik Hamud bin Mohammed, from his good friend, H. M. Stanley.*

"Many salaams to you.

"I hope you [redacted] in good health as I am, and that you have remained in good health since I parted with you [redacted] the Congo. I have many things to say to you, but I hope I shall see you face to face before many days. I reached [redacted] place [redacted] morning with [redacted] Nangwana, three soldiers, and sixty-six [redacted] from Emin Pasha. [redacted] is [redacted] the eighty-second day since I left Emin Pasha [redacted] the Nyanza, [redacted] [redacted] have only [redacted] three [redacted] on the way—two have been drowned and [redacted] ran away.

"I [redacted] the white man whom I [redacted] looking for, Emin Pasha, quite well, [redacted] the other white man, Casati, quite well also. Emin [redacted] [redacted] ivory in abundance, cattle by thousands, sheep, goats, fowls, and food of every kind. We found him to be a very good [redacted] kind [redacted]. He gave a number of things to all [redacted] white and black men. His liberality could not be exceeded. His soldiers blessed our black men

for coming so far to show them the way, and many of them were ready to follow me at once out of the country, but I asked them to stay quiet yet a few days till I might come back and fetch the other men and goods that I have left in Yambuya. And they prayed God to give me strength that I might finish my work. May their prayer be heard! And my friend, what are you going to do? We have gone the road twice. We know where it is and where it is good. We know where there is plenty of food and where there is none—where the camps are, and where we can sleep and rest. I am waiting to hear your words. If you go with me it is well. If you do not go with me it is well also. I leave it to you. I stay here ten days, and then I go slowly. I move from here to a big camp two hours' march from here, and above this. There is plenty of houses and plenty of food for the men. Whatever you have to say to me my ears will be open with a good heart as it has always been towards you. Therefore, come quickly, for on the eleventh morn from this I will go on. All my white men are well, but I left them all behind except my man William, who is with me.

“Salsams, &c., to me (enumerating several Arab names).”

“HENRY M. STANLEY.”

‘Mr. Stanley’s man stated, when questioned, that on their return journey they crossed the Aruwimi River for twenty-one days in canoes. They had only had one serious engagement with the natives since starting from Yambuya. It occurred

## MY LIFE WITH

in the district of the Albert Lake, and the people were very [redacted]

‘Upon reaching Unaria Mr. Stanley was furious when he found only a small portion of his goods there, and was particularly incensed by a rumour of his death, the origin of which he attributed to the [redacted] Mr. Jameson. He told the Arabs at Unaria that when [redacted] met Mr. Jameson he should fight him. The Zanzibaris stated that Mr. Stanley said emphatically that he should not pay any agreement between the [redacted] Major [redacted] [redacted] late Mr. [redacted] with Tippoo Tib for providing the 400 Manyema. At present this is all the information I can gather, when I reach the Falls and can personally interrogate [redacted] [redacted] from Unaria I [redacted] probably obtain many more details, a careful account of which I shall forward to you without delay. The above information is not too reliable, having come to me second hand. The letter of Mr. Stanley to Tippoo Tib is copied from a copy made from the original through the kindness of Lieutenant Baert, to whom I have given my promise that it should not be published.

‘I have obtained from Mr. Baert information concerning the collections of the late Mr. Jameson, and have communicated the same to Mr. Andrew Jameson of Dublin. The tin box mentioned in Mr. Bonny's letter, together with other things in the hands of Tippoo Tib, [redacted] will endeavour to obtain, and forward according to your cabled instructions.

‘I remain, sir, yours faithfully,

‘HERBERT WARD.

‘Mr. William Mackinnon.’

# CHAPTER XVI

AT LAST I was enabled to write Mr. William Mac-  
kinnon as follows:—

‘ Stanley Pool, January 3, 1890.

‘ SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that I am  
leaving here on the 7th inst. on board “Le Stanley,”  
which proceeds to Bangala only.

‘ Lieutenant Becker has not arrived yet, but  
is believed that he is on the road. Upon arriving  
at Stanley Pool he will at once proceed to the  
on board the new State steamer “Ville de Bruxelles.”

‘ I have the honour, sir, to remain,

‘ Your obedient servant,

‘ HERBERT WARD.

‘ William Mackinnon, Esq.,

‘ British Relief Committee.’

‘ January 31, 1890.

‘ SIR,—I have the honour to report my arrival at  
Bangala on January 22 on board “Le Stanley.”

‘ Lieutenant van Kerckhoven retained “Le Stan-  
ley” on political reasons, and Upoto on  
January 25. I requested him to convey the Expe-  
dition loads and myself as far as he was going; but he  
objected, stating that, in the course of the  
operations in several places, wit-  
nesses would be

The steamship "Roi des Belges" arrived at Bangala on January 20. Stanley's correspondence was duly delivered to the chief of station here, Lieutenant Daenen. It will be despatched from here by me. I applied for the letter from Mr. Stanley to the late Mr. Jameson. It was produced, but the conditions did not suit my opening it. Lieutenant van Kerckhoven gave instructions with Lieutenant Daenen to the effect that it should be delivered to me as representing the Expedition only, to the understanding that two copies should be made, one copy to remain at Bangala and the other to be sent to the Governor at Boma. As I do not consider myself warranted in giving publicity to Mr. Stanley's letter, I accept it.

'I have ascertained that Tippoo Tib is only awaiting the arrival of Mr. Greshoff at Stanley Falls before starting to Zanzibar to pay his respects to the Sultan.

'The "Ville de Bruxelles" is daily expected here from Stanley Pool.

'I have the honour, &c.,

'HERBERT WARD.

'P.S.—Tippoo Tib will then proceed to Belgium to see H.M. King Leopold II.'

(The following is a copy of Mr. Stanley's letter to Jameson, which has since been made public.)

'On March above Bonalya,

'August 30, 1890

'DEAR SIR,—I know that Bunny has written to you about my arrival, so I may be brief. Arriving

at Bonalya 17th inst.<sup>1</sup> I have been busy over reorganising Expedition, I be in To-day second march Bonalya begun and we shall continue Bonny me your letter of the 12th inst., wherein you stated to be your purpose go to Bangala. I make out why the Major, you, Troup, have been demented—demented is the word! You understand English—an English letter of instruction was given you. You said it intelligible, yet or another you have not followed paragraph. You paid a thousand pounds to on this Expedition, you have voluntarily thrown your money away by leaving the Expedition. Ward not a whit better; he has acted all through, I hear, more idiot than being. You have left naked—I have no clothes, no medicine; I will nothing of my soap and candles, a photograph apparatus and chemicals, two silver watches, a cap, and a score of other trifles. You believed dead, yet brought along my boots, and two hats, and a flannel jacket. You believed the Expedition had gone to Ujiji, yet you took Stairs' and the other officers' goods along. rather inconsistent?

'I shall proceed along the south bank of the river for nearly two months and then cross river to the north bank, then straight to the Nyanza. If you can bring kit with you you are welcome to go on with us if you can catch us up. Forty guns will take you along safely to the point where we cross the

<sup>1</sup> The day poor Jameson died at Bangala, miles away.

river. Emin Pasha is quite well. All our [redacted] are well; we have lost 50 per cent. of men. I have come from the Nyanza in eighty-two days and from our fort in sixty-one days.

‘Our track will be quite clear as a highway, two marches from Bonalya or, as you call it, Unaria. It will be white all the way to the crossing. If you can find where we landed on the north bank—it will be one march above Nepoko confluence with the Aruwimi—you will be able to follow us with forty guns; with less it would be dangerous. The plains are twenty-five marches from the crossing place. Splendid young country—game of all kinds. I have left all the [redacted] at Fort Bodo except Jephson, who is with Emin Pasha. Though, as reported to me, you, and all of you, seemed to have acted like madmen, your version may modify my opinion. Therefore I write this brief note to you in the midst of bustle and hurry.

‘Yours truly,

(Signed) ‘HENRY [redacted] STANLEY.’

TH Mr Stanley I wrote as follows:—

‘Stanley Falls, February 21, 1888.

‘DEAR MR. STANLEY,—I am sending this brief letter to you by an Arab, Nasaro bin Suliman, who starts from here to-morrow for Zanzibar.

‘On March 28, 1888, I left Yambuya Camp with a telegram from Major Barttelot to the Emin Relief [redacted] I reached Banana on April 29, and despatched the cable from St. Paul de Loanda on May 1. I left Loanda with the Committee’s reply on May 16, and upon arriving at Bangala, July 10,

received a letter from Major Barttelot instructing me to remain at Bangala with the loads that he had sent down to that station for storage. [redacted] to my departure from Yambuya, Major Barttelot promised that I should follow him up if he had been successful in starting before my return. I had no alternative then but to stay at Bangala, as Major [redacted] had previously arranged with the State, and I could not, therefore, obtain a passage. August 16 (the day of your arrival at Unaria) [redacted] reached Bangala in canoe. He was in an unconscious condition and suffering from the effects of bilious haematuric fever. August 17 Jameson died in my arms at 7 P.M.

'As I had no chance of reaching Stanley Falls I at once proceeded to Leo in canoe, and from thence to Loanda to cable for instructions from the Committee. October 15 I [redacted] Loanda with [redacted] Committee's cabled instructions, which were:—

Return Stanley Falls; leave powder, Remington cartridges and portion of goods in charge officers there in case communication with Emin opened. Sell remainder goods to [redacted] See Governor about this. Bring Bonny, all men Expedition, all Barttelot's and Jameson's [redacted] and collections Bananas; ship them England, care Gray, Dawes & Co. If help wanted engage and take back Casement. Wire if these instructions understood.

'I have used all despatch in executing these instructions, and [redacted] at Stanley Falls on February 16 [redacted] Expedition [redacted] Bangala. Finding that further action on my part was useless, I have handed all the loads in care of the Resident of Stanley Falls, and am waiting a few days to col-



lect the two or three sick men who were abandoned to Tippoo Tib when Major Bartlelet broke the camp on the Aruwimi River.

'I intend conveying your two personal loads to London. I made every inquiry about the possibility of sending goods to meet you at Saborn, but could not obtain sufficient guarantee from the

'I deeply regret that my services have not been more profitable to you; ~~unsuccessful~~ ~~have~~ been dead against me.—I remain, Mr. Stanley,

'Always yours faithfully,

'HERBERT WARD.'

Little more remains to be told. With the few men remaining from the Expedition I set out from Stanley Falls on my last journey down the Congo on March 10, in canoes lent me by Tippoo Tib. Our party numbered fourteen souls—six able-bodied men, four invalids, three boys, and myself. We travelled 1,160 miles in all, meeting with the same difficulties and dangers as had beset me on my trip. For ~~some~~ days we travelled overland, the remainder of the journey being by water. ~~One~~ moved along one of my poor fellows died, and another elected to remain at a Mission station, so that by the time we got to Banana, there were only twelve of us left. Here, acting on the instructions of ~~the~~ Committee, I took passage for my party on board the 'Afrikaner' and, travelling via Rotterdam, reached England on July 4, 1889. In a few days

my faithful blacks were transferred to a ship bound for Zanzibar, and we finally parted. As I stood on the quay watching their vessel glide through the gates, they clustered round the gangway and lighting up their swarthy countenances, their familiar voices their parting my 'Kira heri, Kira heri, bawani wangu!' ('Good-bye, my master, good-bye'). They had served me fully and well—companions of my troubles and my dangers—and my heart went out to them in sympathy and gratitude, as I waved them a farewell.

A few days afterwards I received the following letter from the Committee of the Expedition, together with an honorarium of 330*l.*—an unlooked for compliment:—

'DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure, by desire of the Relief Committee, of sending you the following copy of a minute passed at their meeting to-day:—

"The Committee wish to record their appreciation of the services Mr. Ward has rendered to the Expedition, and the faithful manner in which he has performed the duties entrusted to him."

'I am, yours faithfully,

(Signed)

'F. WATSON,

*Hon. Sec.*

\*Minute of the Committee, July 8, 1890.

## MY REPLY TO MR. STANLEY

It is somewhat difficult to reply to Mr. Stanley as completely as I would wish. His allegations are scattered, and even at this moment there is no guarantee that he will not give publicity to some further story or piece of camp gossip, in retaliation for the publication of this, and other replies, to his insinuations. Great publicity was given to the fact that on December 3 last the members of the Emin Expedition would tell the full and complete story of the Rear Guard in a lecture in New York. The lecture was delivered. There was nothing very new in it, but it brought together all the charges that had been made at different times previously; and we considered ourselves justified in believing that Mr. Stanley had had his full and last say on the subject. Very little time, however, was allowed to elapse before Mr. Stanley, brought to book for certain of his statements, rushed off to one new charge and one old charge, about which he had thought well to say nothing in his lecture. The first of these was an insinuation of immorality in our camp at Yambuya;

the second and old matter already dealt with was the suggestion that I misappropriated certain brass rods (the currency of the country) belonging to the Expedition. Under circumstances, therefore, all I can hope to do is to deal with Stanley—as the current phrase has it—‘up to date;’ without prejudice as regards anything may happen in the future.

It appears to me the thing I am in meeting Mr. Stanley's charges is to take from his lecture certain extracts affecting myself, to deal with these in detail, and then to refer to two matters I speak of.

In proceeding to do this, however, it is necessary that I should point out one thing. It is this. I left Yambuya Camp on March 28, 1888, on my journey down to the coast, and did not get back again long after Mr. Stanley had returned the whole camp had been broken up. Therefore, in what I say and speak of I must only be taken as referring to antecedent to the date I left March 28, 1888. Of what happened after that date I can say nothing, for I know nothing from personal knowledge.

With this explanation I will now proceed. The extracts I quote are taken from the report of Mr. Stanley's lecture given in the *New York Tribune*.

‘But after the advance column had returned from the

## MY LIFE WITH

Albert Nyam, we found, to our grief and horror, that Major Barttelot had been shot, that Mr. Troup had been invalided home, that Mr. Jameson was away at Stanley Falls and Mr. Ward was detained at Bangala, and that 164 Zanzibaris and Soudanese were either dead, deserted, or missing; forty-two were dying then in camp, that there were only sixty men left out of 270 men able to travel, that only about one third of the goods were left, and that the report of the survivors was so shocking in its character and nature, revealing so much irresolution, weakness, unmanliness, tyranny, and brutality, that I was compelled to say that our column was wrecked by the irresolution, neglect, and indifference of the officers.—*Mr. Stanley at New York.*

Mr. Stanley here speaks of irresolution, neglect, indifference! The application of the phrases absurd. There was no irresolution. We were told that Tippoo Tib would supply 600 porters. He kept putting us off from day to day with promises, specious at the moment, and apparently worthy of credence by us at first. As we waited, our men grew worse and worse, and the necessity for the porters became greater each day. Mr. Stanley himself created the impression that he would be back in five months, and as time drew nearer to the completion of this period, the necessity for our moving grew. When we passed no news came, our difficulties increased. The promised porters came not; we were unaware whether the Advance Force lived or not. What were we to do?

The word has no meaning if it does not imply that the neglect was wanton. That wanton neglect I emphatically deny. That all the medicine was used, I quite readily admit. But if it was not used, it was from improper spirit. Major Bartlesot's view of the situation was that he had been ordered to take stores, and that he should deliver them up intact. Some of us did take this view, and argued the point, but without avail. What could we do? We fought equally with the blacks, but there was no help for it.

'INDIFFERENCE'! Surely it was not in any spirit of 'indifference' I made my journeys to Stanley under all the conditions my notes describe, and subsequently travelled under the most trying conditions through a dangerous country, to send the message to the Emperor. Nor was I in any spirit of indifference Barttelot, Troup, and Jameson made their subsequent journeys to Tippoo Tib, Kassongo, and Jameson offered 20,000*l.* of my own pocket to expedite matters.

'I say that I cannot understand why the five officers, having means for moving, confessedly burning with a desire to move, and animated with the highest feelings, did not set forward on our track as directed ; or why, believing I was alive, the officers sent my personal baggage down the river and reduced their chief to a state of destitution ; or why they should have left a European

provisions and two dozen bottles of Madeira wine down-river when there were thirty-three men sick and hungry ■ camp ; or why Mr. Bonay should allow his own rations to be sent down while he was present ; or why Mr. Ward should be sent down-river with a despatch, and an order sent after him to prevent his return to the Expedition. I say these are a few of the problems which puzzle me, and which clearly prove to every one that there is a mystery for which I cannot conceive a reasonable solution ; and, therefore, each reader of this narrative ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ own thoughts, but construe the ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ charitably.'—*Mr. Stanley at New York.*

Mr. Stanley here speaks, as if we were fully informed regarding his whereabouts, and require- ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ were not in possession of any such information. Indeed, if we were to judge by appearances, Mr. Stanley and his Advance Column had suffered some grave disaster. He had not put in his promised appearance ■ the ■ ■ ■ of the five months, and there was no news whatever from him. Apart altogether from the fact that I had left the camp in March, and the time he speaks of was June, when I was hundreds of miles ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ must be borne in mind that if the European provisions and Madeira were sent away it was not, I assume, from any sense of neglect or desire to deprive the sick and suffering—who included, let it never be forgotten, white as well as black men—but from a quixotic intention to carry out Mr. Stanley's instructions to the letter. In going to the coast and

subsequently remaining at Bangala I obeyed the orders of the chief Mr. Stanley placed over me. I can say nothing more.

'Two of the surviving officers, [redacted] Troup and Ward, loudly and insistently claim to have done the best they could do in furthering the object of the expedition. I frankly acknowledge that they did as far as [redacted] was possible without incurring personal danger, or disturbing [redacted] blissful state of mind which [redacted] of duty and [redacted] to the [redacted] suffering humanity. But, as their chief and employer, bearing in mind their repeated and effusive promises [redacted] me, remembering their eager applications for service, and their vows to distinguish themselves by faithful and loyal conduct, with their signed contracts testifying against their performances, I cannot reconcile that moral and physical inaction [redacted] Yanibuya [redacted] the obligations they had undertaken and the duties which [redacted] expect from high-minded, brave, and honourable [redacted]. And their subsequent conduct after retreating from the presence of danger—one on the plea of illness, and the other of being used as a messenger—is as little consistent with those principles which every schoolboy is taught in every civilised land must animate every man [redacted] wishes to be commended as a virtuous man, obedient to the call of duty. With unblushing effrontery and brazen impudence they lead that tribe of writers who delight in scandal, and from lecture platforms undertake to censure and denounce me as the [redacted] [redacted] their pitiful failure.'—*Mr. Stanley at New York.*

It may or may not have been wrong of me, to obey the orders of my chief officer. Be that as it



may, I must never be forgotten that in obeying these orders I exposed myself to personal danger in travelling through a hostile country, handicapped by many difficulties of transit, and few men. The talk of my shirking personal danger is, under these circumstances, pure and simple. As for physical and moral inaction, there was none such while I was in Yambuya. Mr. Stanley talks of my want of faithfulness to him; he altogether ignores the fact that it was because that I was always one to stand up for him in every way when discussions took place in Yambuya. The question of denouncing Mr. Stanley is one altogether different the point; but I may say I have never spoken of him on any platform save in connection with his wonderful achievements as an explorer. I object altogether to Mr. Stanley's coupling my name with any other name of the Rear Guard. I have stood alone all through this controversy, and must be treated in my own capacity.

'I have not charged these gentlemen with being disloyal or disobedient, but that they were indifferent to the written letter of instructions; that is, that they put their own views and followed their own course. But if it be true that Mr. Ward stood up at a table and publicly proposed that my instructions should be cancelled and Major Barttelot's ideas carried out in the future, would I not be justified in supposing that there

something that had happened. Would it be fair to suppose that there had been some understanding between Mr. Barttelot and Mr. Ward to me? If it is true that Mr. Ward, through Mr. Barttelot, was in the habit of questioning Zanzibaris as to what they knew of Central Africa on former expeditions, I may be justified in supposing that Mr. Ward was thus pliant, conciliatory, diligent in furthering his ambition, and obsequious in his wishes in order to win Barttelot's favour and conquer his prejudices which Mr. Ward was in a letter to me once entertained by Mr. Barttelot to him? But I did not lay greater stress upon these reports than due solely to the fact that I could not discover sufficient motives, inasmuch as the lasting gratitude of Mr. Ward was due to me. But it is true that Mr. Ward did these things, does it mean that he sacrificed my friendship in order to win my friendship? A man who was regarded as my friend and showed his hostility to him, as long as he had fallen into my hands for him, by sending him down the sea with a dispatch, then ordering Captain Von Kerckhoven to detain him at Bangala.'—*Mr. Stanley New York.*

Mr. Stanley is careful to use the prefix 'if' in regard to all these matters. 'If' I was guilty of one of the matters alleged against me, then indeed Mr. Stanley be justified in all he says. I emphatically deny, however, that I ever did curry favour with Major Barttelot in any way. Major Barttelot and I disagreed from the very first, and there was no necessity for me to curry favour.

Such is not my spirit. As for the questioning of the black man, it is all very simple. I did not act by special [redacted] Major Barttelot, [redacted] from feelings of curiosity on my own part. The man had been present at the finding of Dr. Livingstone and was full of facts regarding his death. What was more natural than that, interested as I was in all matters African, I should seek information from an eye-witness as to what had happened? The [redacted] charge in this connection shows a [redacted] of mind on Mr. Stanley's part that surprises and pains me very much. As for the [redacted] story of [redacted] advocating the cancelling of Mr. Stanley's instructions, it was exploded very long ago. [redacted] is what I wrote to Sir Wm. Mackinnon [redacted] on May 20, 1889, when I [redacted] heard of the matter:— 'Mr. Stanley, in his letter dated Bonalya, August 28, 1888, [redacted] have been misinformed concerning my [redacted]. I emphatically deny ever having suggested cancelling Mr. Stanley's instructions. Mr. Stanley's personal baggage, together with other property of the Expedition, [redacted] from Yambuya, [redacted] 19, 1888. I was at that time near Bolobo, nine hundred miles from Yambuya.'

Mr. Stanley is in a particularly weak position, [redacted] [redacted] launches forth invectives against the unfortunate Barttelot. No one will deny at this date that Barttelot was very heavily handicapped by

a violent temper, and an utter lack of sympathy with the black [redacted]. But it is not as if Mr. Stanley was unaware of Major Barttelot's failings. Mr. Stanley, in his New York lecture, said :—

Several days after he had set out I was told by General Brackenbury that *Barttelot would be sure to give me trouble.* He furnished me with some instances of his [redacted]. I then resolved within myself that, as it was too late to recall him, and that it would be a pity to dismiss him for anything he had done in the past—that I would take precautions to prevent his committing outrages under the impulse of his passionate temper. As far as Yambuya I saw no sufficient reason to dismiss [redacted]. *He had two or three times been petulant.* [redacted] had [redacted] disobeyed orders, but he gave such promises of amendment in the future, and such excuses for the disobedience, that, not wishing to deal harshly, I allowed him to remain.

Yet [redacted] man [redacted] whom Mr. Stanley wrote before leaving Yambuya, 'I [redacted] I have made a wise choice in selecting you to guard our interests here during our absence.' Was this hypocrisy, or what? Mr. Stanley knew he was leaving Major Barttelot in the most difficult of all positions; he knew better than any of us the wily character of the Arabs with whom we were to deal; and his whole conduct at this point suggested a fear that the 'wise choice' he made would result in nothing [redacted]. Why, if [redacted] Stanley expected [redacted] would move forward immediately, did he remark to

Barttelot, as he left, that he expected to find us all there on his return, or why the arrangement about supplies for five months? Again, why did he commission Dr. [redacted] to investigate the surrounding fields to see if we would have sufficient manioc for a long stay, if we were to leave all behind in a few days? As Mr. Stanley says himself, it is all inexplicable.

The other points which remain to be dealt with are the suggestion of immorality, and the [redacted] rod matter. First [redacted] regards the question of immorality. This charge is [redacted] put forward [redacted] the strength of [redacted] by Assad Farran, the interpreter. Assad Farran, by the way, is the person who told Mr. Stanley [redacted] Cairo that the white officers [redacted] content [redacted] remain [redacted] Yambuya! As if he could know what [redacted] wishes were, [redacted] would be made a confidant of! We would [redacted] have trusted [redacted] of our Zanzibari carriers. He [redacted] an Assyrian Christian, and of [redacted] own showing, a low thief, and scoundrel of the worst type. On this man's word we [redacted] charged with having been guilty of immorality [redacted] Yambuya. I know of no instance in which the native women, who [redacted] captured, [redacted] brought to white officers' quarters, [redacted] he [redacted]. It is quite [redacted] that [redacted] were captured for [redacted] purpose of their being ransomed [redacted] food, but [redacted] was the sum total of the matter. [redacted] proceeding may [redacted] very [redacted] [redacted] very

harsh to gentle readers in England, but ~~was~~ us in Africa, following the custom of the country to ~~the~~ extent, ~~the~~ ~~matter~~ was regarded in quite an ordinary light. ~~The~~ proceeding, however, only ~~took~~ place ~~on~~ two occasions. No harshness was used. ~~The~~ natives brought the ~~rod~~ to ~~show~~ their ~~views~~ in ~~the~~ ~~most~~ matter-of-fact way, and laughed heartily with us ~~over~~ the whole transaction. I feel I ~~need~~ an apology to my readers for introducing this charge ~~at~~ all. I certainly should not have done ~~so~~, had Mr. Stanley ~~not~~ descended to the ~~use~~ of such an unsavoury weapon. If I ~~had~~ shirked dealing with it, he might have used the omission against ~~me~~.

The brass rod matter ~~is~~ to me ~~an~~ equally disagreeable subject. I have never been able to discover how it originated. The letter from Barttelot which I ~~received~~ ~~at~~ Lomami ~~on~~ my way down to the coast, was ~~the~~ first suggestion I ~~received~~ ~~from~~ across, that ~~a~~ misapprehension existed. Unfortunately Barttelot ~~did~~ I ~~never~~ met after the letter, and I ~~thus~~ thus prevented ~~him~~ obtaining the explanation I determined to demand. Later ~~on~~ Mr. Stanley ~~sent~~ ~~me~~ ~~the~~ ~~copy~~ ~~of~~ the letter, and the muddle became greater by the introduction of references to my having opened ~~one~~ of Jameson's boxes. ~~The~~ box story is very easily explained. Jameson when leaving the camp ~~on~~ one occasion, told us that he had ~~left~~ ~~some~~ ~~where~~ somewhere ~~in~~ ~~his~~ house. ~~The~~ ~~rod~~

subsequently, and went to look for it. In the course of our search we opened—we did not open—a box, in which strings, glue, and all kinds of rough stuff were stored. We did not find the lard, however, and found nothing. Bonny and Troup were with me at the time. To return to the road, however. Stanley quite recently was questioned about his insinuations regarding this matter, and the only escape he could find out of his difficulty in the way of supporting his innuendo, was by reference to my collection of African curiosities; and a hint, rather conveyed than expressed, that as I was an unpaid member of the Expedition I could not possibly have had the money to buy these things. Luckily my position is quite unassailable in the matter, and, humiliating though it is to have to defend myself from such a vile charge as this, I think it better to let Stanley than help Stanley by displaying contemptuous indifference. Two-thirds of the curiosities I possess were sent home to the care of Mr. Joseph Hatton, the novelist, and Mr. Hodeon, Barrister of the Temple, before I joined Emin Expedition. The curios I became possessed of, during the latter days of my connection with the Expedition, were obtained by bartering goods, purchased from the Rev. J. Clarke, Rev. Charles Ingham, and Major W. G. Parminster, by means of my money, and subsequently paid in London. A farthing's worth of Expedition property was

misappropriated by me, and the gentlemen I have mentioned are within reach, if reference be necessary, to sustain my statement.

I have hitherto dealt with the question of punishments, the simple reason my reason for the punishments was of a very slight character. As regards all the incidents alleged to have taken place, I know nothing, as I was away at the time. The only prominent matter with which I was associated was the execution of the Soudanese soldier. There were frequent applications of punishment of a minor character, but such as to call for any explanation whatever. As regards the Soudanese soldier, the facts were these. On December 2 he entered my hut at night, and stole some meat. His crime was discovered, and he received, what I admit was the punishment of 100 lashes. He then deserted, taking some of our guns and a supply of cartridges with him, boasting to the Arabs, as he subsequently learnt, that he intended to shoot Major Barttelot. He was caught, tried by court-martial, and executed on February 9.

As regards all the other matters—the alleged cannibal story, the alleged prodding and biting by Major Barttelot, the flogging of John Henry, and the rest—I have, at least, a full and complete reply. I know nothing, as I was hundreds of miles away.



This is my reply to what Mr. Stanley has said up to the present. Why the leader of the Relief Expedition should have attacked me in the way he has done I know not, unless it be on two grounds: (1) that his *amour-propre* was wounded beyond all forgiveness, by ■■■ discovering that in an idle hour I had caricatured ■■■ dress, in the 'comic sketch' spoken of in my notes; and (2) because of my association and friendship with Jameson, whose diaries formulated such a black indictment against him. The caricature which he discovered in Jameson's box was but a thoughtless act, burlesquing his extraordinary African costume, ■■■ executed ■■■ spirit of boyish playfulness. Yet it moved him, I believe, to savage anger. I am sorry for it. It was no ■■■ of mine that I got to know what the ■■■ diaries of Jameson contained, and that I should acquaint the dead man's relatives with the character of the evidence against him, which Mr. Stanley ruthlessly seized and refused to deliver ■■■ until threatened with legal proceedings. The children of the world are wise in their generation, and I can quite understand how Mr. Stanley, knowing the *exposé* which awaited him, determined to strike the first blow and scatter charges so heavily about, that when the truth came ■■■ might to some extent be ■■■ But the 'truth will out.'

I will ■■■ my whole reply ■■■ a little sum of the Rule of Three kind. When Tippoo Tib

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